THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1051

JANUARY 23, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

RAMSAY MACDONALD ON THE CARPET—Striking Article

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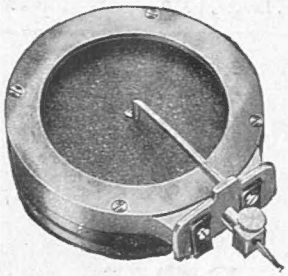

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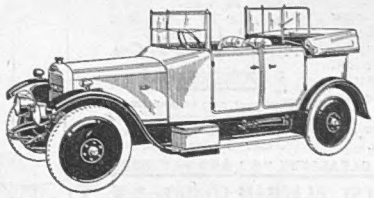

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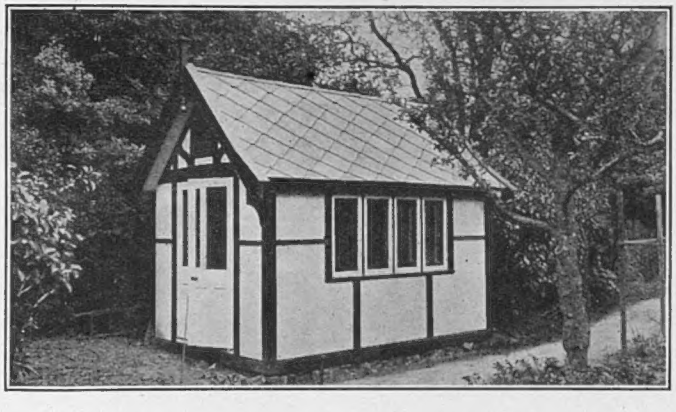

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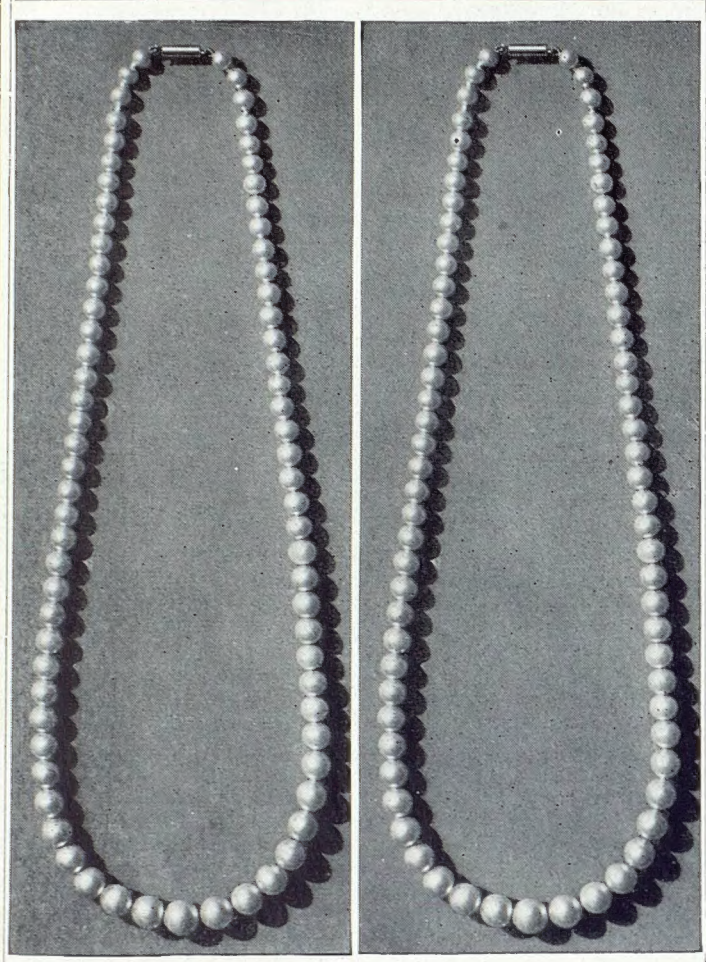

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The Bystander, January 23, 1924 No. 1051. Vol. LXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY EUSTACE PERCY—AND MARY

A pleasing camera study of the wife of Hastings' Conservative M.P. and her little daughter. Lady Eustace is a daughter of Major-General Laurence Drummond, and her husband is a younger brother of the Duke of Northumberland

When Ramski Rules

BY E. T. REED

SOME REPRESENTATIONS OF AN UNREPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Cleared for Action

THE present political situation has added a new interest to life for which we should all be grateful. With the advent of the Coalition, politicians became about as thrilling as Earl Beatty in a silk hat, but now that the decks have really been cleared for action, their familiar figures loom grandly amid the smoke of battle. Political cartoons take on a new importance, and Lobby chit-chat once again becomes really readable. The journalists, at least, must be grateful to Mr. Stanley Baldwin, even though they don't show it.

The Reason Why

EXCESSIVE cigarette-smoking results, they tell us, in loss of memory, and that, I suppose, is why tobacconists never give credit.

A Lucky Accident

BY saving the Whaddon Chase pack from an express train, at some personal risk, Lord Dalmeny will have cemented his position in that lately distressful country. It was a fortunate thing from the point of view of the new Master, for he is now as secure in his position as he has always been in the saddle.

Mary Still Supreme

EXTREME popularity is a dangerous thing, and a painful reaction is almost inevitable. For this reason, the success of Mary Pickford in her new film, *Rosita*, is all the more gratifying to those of us—and that, I suppose, means all of us—who admire her very undoubted genius. There was a period, not so long ago, when Mary's supremacy seemed to be a trifle shaky. We were told that she had come out badly in a competition to decide who was the most popular movie actress, and the Jeremiahs were not slow to seize on this slight set-back. But her success was based on hard work, and *Rosita* finds her still supreme in her particular line.

Sordid Drinkers

TWO items of news have a distinct line of thought in common. A firm of London brewers has started a school of budding publicans, and a well-known architect has turned an old inn into a private residence. What we require is a class for young architects, who will be trained to design beer-houses of an entirely different pattern. The fact that we are sordid drinkers is not our fault. We are packed together in horrid little bars in which drinking is the sole business of the hour. Under these circumstances, alcohol ceases to be a stimulus to good fellowship, and out of the prevailing discomfort drunkards are born. We are a crazy nation in some respects!

A Skating Tragedy

HERE is a little tragedy of theatrical life showing that you can't be too careful. Being an energetic soul, Jack Hulbert decided that he would like to do some skating during the Christmas week-end, and as there was no ice that would bear him nearer than Switzerland, to Switzerland he went, getting back in good time for the Boxing Day matinée and not missing a single performance.

Not Playing Truant

UNFORTUNATELY, a Press photographer got an excellent snapshot of the Little Theatre star jumping over a seat with his skates on, and the photograph duly appeared in the London Press. Not unnaturally, a number of clever people concluded that Jack was playing

truant from the *Little Revue*, and business fell off as a result. So persistent was the rumour that the management are even now buying space in the papers to convince these doubting Thomases that if they journey to John Street they will really see Jack Hulbert—himself!

To the Scrap-Heap

THERE is more joy in amateur Soccer circles over the fact that the Corinthians are in the second round of the F.A. Cup than would be caused by a reduction of a shilling in the income tax. The buying and selling of successful goal-getters has been carried to such a pitch that the inevitable reaction is setting in, and I make bold to say that unless the leading clubs show a little more decency in this direction, professional football will cease to appeal as a public spectacle. Doubtless the big men at Chelsea and Highbury will smile at this suggestion, but professional boxing, in spite of its great appeal, found its way to the scrap-heap when the element of sport began to wear thin. No one minds a Birmingham man being paid to play for Birmingham, but his sudden transfer to another club is simply ridiculous.

The Panel is a Pest

MOST of us, I imagine, are hoping that the Doctors' Panel Fees Inquiry will result in the scrapping of the whole horrid system. The people who were supposed to benefit by the innovation are loudest in their curses, and I dare swear there is not a single reader of this BYSTANDER who could not quote some startling example of unsatisfactory attention or inadequate accommodation. No one is to blame—certainly not the doctors—and if the authorities are not convinced that the panel is a pest, then they are as ostriches, hiding their heads in the sands of self-deception and official complacency.

Blondes *v.* Brunettes

THE members of the London Sketch Club always manage to spring a surprise at their annual revel, and when we roll up in our hundreds at the Wharncliffe Rooms, on February 22, we shall find that this year's fancy dress ball is no exception. During the evening, the "Puff-Ball Final" will be decided between teams of fair girls and dark girls, captained respectively by Miss Fay Compton and Miss Constance Collier.

An Old Problem

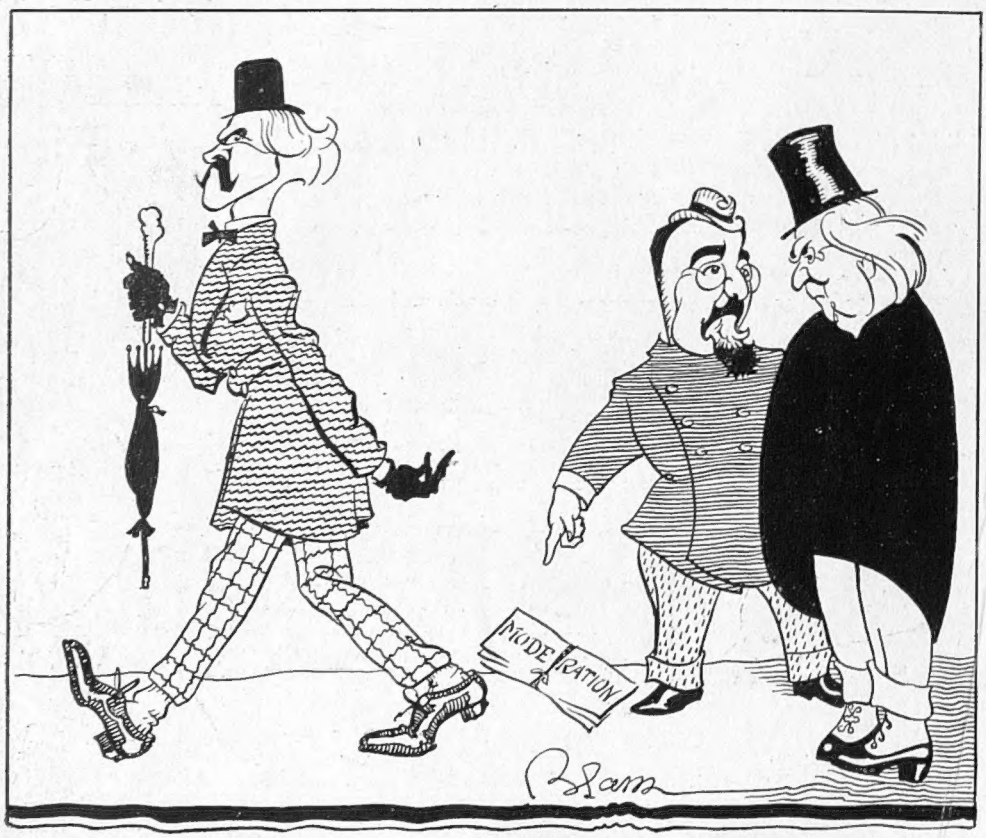
THIS brings me to the old, old problem: Fair *v.* Dark — Blonde *v.* Brunette. Wasn't it Will H. Ogilvie who wrote a poem on "Fair Girls and Grey Horses," and has any other poet done as much for Dark Girls and Black Horses? There was a tradition when I was a lad that fair girls were fickle and vain, while dark girls were steadfast and true as steel. Myself, I always button up my hip-pocket when I meet a man with a fair, silky beard because that's the worst type of villain in the world.

Swarthy Villains

MOST villains at Drury Lane and the Lyceum are swarthy gents of the conventional pattern. Their black moustaches are spiked at the ends, and that is the worst thing that can be said about them, for your theatrical villain always comes a cropper in the last act, and can't be so *very* dangerous. I suppose the reason they don't have fair villains with silky beards is that the comic countryman would never manage to catch them, and so the play wouldn't have a happy ending.

Spiked Moustaches

REVERTING to the spiked moustaches, they really *are* the outward and visible sign of extreme wickedness. Indeed, some Sunday papers would have to close down if the supply ran out. Never a man leaves his wife and family to live on the rates; never a slate club secretary does his pre-Christmas flit, but the spiked moustache comes once again into its own. It would be quite possible to have one office photograph and use it to represent each different malefactor as he made his appearance in the Courts. That would save a lot of trouble, and I make the suggestion for what it is worth.



THE CONFIDENCE TRICK By ELAM

The Old Hate

I WAS thrilled to the core to receive, addressed personally to me at my private address, a copy of the *Jacobite*, a paper which says the most bitter things about Oliver Cromwell and his round-head followers. Not that I entertain a sufficient dislike for Old Noll to wish to keep the old hate alive, but I do appreciate the inference that if I had lived in Stuart times I should have worn most exquisite plus fours, and have seen beautiful ringlets falling on my shoulders every time I consulted the mirror. If only I could shake the publisher of the *Jacobite* by the hand, but, alas! he is far away in Palmerston North, N.Z., and it is, therefore, probable that we shall never meet. Happy thought! New Zealand papers, please copy!

The Shadow

Photograph *Central News*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING IN THE STATE COACH FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

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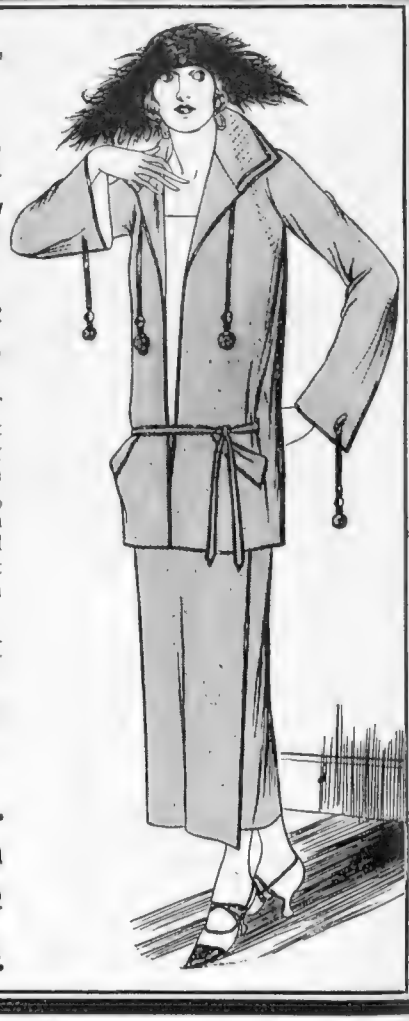

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WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE PASSING PAGEANT

Mr. Baldwin with Mrs. and Miss Baldwin watching the Royal Procession from the balcony of the House of Lords

The Solitary Duchess

THE Duchess of Sutherland was the sole representative of her degree amongst the peeresses at the opening of Parliament, and sat in solitary state on the Duchesses' bench. Two other Duchesses were present, but both in an official capacity, her Grace of Devonshire in attendance on the Queen as Mistress of the Robes, and her Grace of Atholl as a member of the House of Commons.

There are a goodly number of folk who are convinced that this Parliament marks the beginning of a new era and is the take-off for big and momentous changes. Perhaps the startling difference last Tuesday in the appearance of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Atholl in the House of Lords may be taken as a sign and portent of the future. The first, robed in gold, an all-round diadem of diamonds blazing on her head and ropes of pearls and diamonds glittering all down the front of her dress, was the only woman representative of our highest order of nobility. The second, in a serviceable dark coat and skirt and a small dark blue hat, obeyed the King's summons to his "faithful Commons," and came into the House of Lords with the other members.

An interesting contrast, and, as I have said, perhaps prophetic.

Photograph *I. B.*

THE KING AND QUEEN EN ROUTE

AT THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Differences

THERE was an astonishing difference in the number of guests entertained at the usual party dinners on the night before the opening of Parliament. Lord Curzon, as leader of the House of Lords, entertained thirty of his fellow-peers, and had issued invitations to forty-one. Lord Beauchamp, for the Liberals, had a dinner of only nineteen, and whilst Mr. Baldwin's guests in Downing Street filled thirty-four lines in the newspapers, Mr. Asquith's guests at Claridges occupied only fourteen.

The Liberals, however, went one better than the Conservatives, for Lord and Lady Beauchamp gave a big party for them after the dinner, and no Conservative host and hostess came forward at all!

Photograph *I. B.*

LORD DERBY AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND AND LADY ANGLESEY

Alas and Alack!

THE only answer to the problem of the big country-houses which nobody will buy, not even to turn them into hotels, golf clubs, schools or hydropathic establishments, seems to be to pull them down. Cossey Hall, the cradle of Lord Stafford's family, near Norwich, and one of the historic houses of England, has practically disappeared, the wood, stone, etc., having been sold piecemeal. Amisfield House, at Haddington, one of Lord Wemyss's six country seats, is to be pulled down, and so is Elderslie, Mr. A. Speir's splendid house in Renfrewshire. And it seems

Photograph *Central Press*

BOBBING UP AGAIN AT MÜRREN

A team of Oxford "graduettes" from St. Hughe's College, who appear to prefer the many-coloured garb of Swiss sport to the "blue stocking" of a studious life. The party consists of Miss Mona Douglas (at the wheel), Miss T. Vigne, Miss Mary Gordon, Miss P. Vigne and Miss Elva Waldon

probable that Cassiobury, Lord Essex's fine place near Watford, will be given over to the housebreaker.

I wonder, too, what is going to be the ultimate fate of Alton Towers, the Shrewsbury palace in Staffordshire. Last week, an eleven-days' sale began there of everything in the house, lock, stock and barrel, outside and inside, including linen, clothing and twelve hundred pheasant-rearing coops. Apparently "by direction of the executors of the late Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot," nothing will be left out of the four thousand lots, and when the sale is over Alton Towers will be as bare as your hand. And then, what will happen to the house?

There are few pictures or objects of art left at Alton Towers. They were all sold at a sensational auction which extended to thirty days at Christie's sixty-seven years ago, three years before the late Earl was born. Then there were also four thousand lots. The sale brought in over £40,000, a considerable sum in those times, equal to quite three times as much in our time of pound and ten shilling notes.

The present Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Premier Earl both of England and Ireland, is a little boy of nine, and the grandson of the late peer. His father, Lord Ingestre, died a year after he was born. His mother and her sister, the Countess of Pembroke, were raised to the rank of marquess's daughters when their brother succeeded to the Marquisate of Anglesey. She is now Lady Winifred Pennoyer, and is one of the few Englishwomen of the *haute monde* who have married an American. Mr. Pennoyer is in the American Diplomatic Service.

And what must be the ultimate fate of huge houses like Knole, Audley End, Wentworth Woodhouse, Castle Howard and Burghley-on-the-Hill? The day must come when their owners can't keep them in repair. They can't all be acquired by the State as national monuments, so they will either have to be demolished and sold piecemeal, like Cossey Hall, or left to fall into ruin. Already only a few visitors at a time are allowed in some of the rooms at Knole, because of the state of their floors, and the annual cost to Lord Sackville of the repairs to the roof alone is a substantial figure.

Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's house in Yorkshire, is so vast that you can easily lose your way in

Photograph *Central Press*

OUT AT ADELBODEN

Mr. Raphael Sabatini enjoying a little ski-ing in Switzerland. Mr. Sabatini, who has written many historical romances and plays, is the author of that highly successful film "Scaramouche"

Photograph *Central News*

A LINE OUT—OF THE GROWN-UPS' BOOK

A party of youngsters lined up before the camera on the ice-rink at Adelboden. How long they were able to keep an unbroken formation when they got on the move is a point on which we regret we have no official information

going from your bedroom to the drawing-room. This happened once to a girl staying there. After wandering up and down corridors and staircases until she had completely lost her bearings she took refuge in a bedroom, and, ringing the bell, waited for a servant to answer it. She was piloted downstairs, but she had kept everybody waiting a quarter of an hour for dinner!

And Big London Houses

Of big London houses, St. James's Square is feeling the change more acutely than any other of the fashionable squares. The Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Astor are still left, but now Winchester House, once the town house of the Bishops of Winchester, is to be turned into a club and a dancing club. Number Ten, where the late Lord Kinnaird lived for over thirty years, is now the headquarters of the British Institute of International Affairs. This house had a series of interesting tenants from the time it was built in 1737. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, lived there,

Photograph *Central News*

A TRIFLE MIXED

"East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet," except apparently at Pontresina, when this gentleman tried his hand at a little ski-ing. He is doubtless singing to himself a tender ballad which starts "When the sands of the desert grow cold"

and later it was the home of the Countess of Blessington, "the gorgeous Lady Blessington," the friend of Byron and D'Orsay, famous for her parties, which no women ever attended. Lady Blessington was very beautiful, clever and charming, but the Society of her time never overlooked the fact that early in her career she had dispensed with a marriage service before going to live with Lord Blessington.

For six years the house was rented, furnished, by Wyndham's Club. Later it had two Prime Ministers for tenants, Lord Derby and Gladstone. Lord Kinnaird followed the Gladstones, and now the domesticity of Number Ten is ended.

Lord Ridley told his tenants at his recent coming-of-age that it was better to part with the Ridley town house in Carlton House Terrace than "risk tampering with Blagdon," the family place in Northumberland, which explains the sale of the town house last autumn.

The selling of a big town house used to cause quite a sensation, and I remember the chatter there was when Lord Dudley sold Dudley House, in Park Lane, to Sir J. B. Robinson. By an arrangement that usually only happens in fairy stories, the house came back to the family, for which it was originally built and which had occupied it for two generations. Lord Dudley's brother, then the Hon. John Ward, and now Sir John Ward, married the daughter of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the then American Ambassador. Mr. Reid bought Dudley House from Sir J. B. Robinson and gave it to his daughter as a wedding present.

When Lord Dudley sold the house the Italian and Flemish pictures were likewise sold — at Christie's. Many of these were traced, and have been bought back from the purchasers, and are once more in their original places.

Have You Heard This?

A planter in Ceylon over in England for a holiday received a letter from one of his native clerks asking for various "boons and privileges." The writer concluded a very flowery epistle, thus: "Now, I consign you to the Almighty, which gentleman, I may say, you closely resemble."

Photograph *Alfieri*

A TURN ROUND THE RINK

Lady Bury skating on the Suvretta Rink at St. Moritz with her elder daughter, the Hon. Cecilia Keppel

Photograph *Central Press*

QUITE A CHANGE

Miss Winifred Stringer (left) and Miss Nancy McKenzie try to find out if they are as proficient in the gentle art of lugeing as they are at horse-training and lawn tennis respectively

Princess Mary's Governess

I see the death is announced in France of Mlle. Dessau, Princess Mary's governess. She was an admirable woman, *très instruite*, and, at the end of her time with the Royal family, more of a companion than a governess. Part of her method was an inflexible discipline. She was a woman, too, of dominating personality, and it used to be said about the Court that the awe she inspired in her Royal charge led to shyness and nervousness, and that public appearances under the eye of Mlle. Dessau were a torture for fear of making mistakes and the consequent lecture on those mistakes.

Mlle. Dessau was a faithful and most devoted servant, and held in particular regard by the King and Queen.

The Late Lord Warwick

Lord Warwick's death was not unexpected. He has been ill for some time at the little house at Beer, in Devonshire, where he died and where, for the last few years, he had spent most of his time.

The Warwick estates were formed into a company a good many years ago, so Lord Brooke, who now becomes sixth Earl of Warwick, will not be badly devastated by death duties. The advantage of turning your estate into a company is that your heir only pays death duties on your holding in the company, not on the whole estate.

Whether the late Lord Warwick approved or disapproved of his wife's

Photograph *Bassano*

THE NEW COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER CHILDREN

Lady Brooke and her three sons, John, Richard and Charles. Her husband, Lord Brooke, has succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father, the Earl of Warwick

conversion to Socialism, nobody ever knew. What his opinion may have been, either one way or the other, he kept to himself, and latterly he was so little at Easton Lodge that his wife's turning the place into a sort of Chequers for the Labour Party did not affect him personally.

Lord Warwick was a kind, amiable man with a strong personal resemblance to his brother, Sir Sidney Greville. He was always overshadowed by his Countess, who, from the early days of their marriage, loomed more largely in the public eye than her lord.

What *is* the "Better Time"

NOT so very long ago I was hurrying through a street leading out of Oxford Street. I noticed a portly lady with a flowing veil bestowing alms upon a man selling matches in the gutter. As I passed I heard her say:

"What a life! What a hard life! But better times are coming!"

The speaker was Lady Warwick. Did she mean Socialism, I wonder, when she said "Better times are coming"?

The New Countess

THE new Lady Warwick carries on the tradition of good looks in the Warwick family. She was a daughter of Sir William and the lovely Lady Eden, who leapt into a fame she was the last person to desire because of the famous quarrel between her husband and Whistler over her portrait. Sir William died during the War, and was succeeded by his second son, Sir Timothy, his eldest son having been killed in action in 1914.

The late Lord Warwick had two sons and two daughters. There was a difference of sixteen years between the births of the two sons, Lord Brooke and the Hon. Maynard Greville, and twenty years between the births of the two daughters, Lady Marjorie Beckett and Lady Mercy Greville, who has recently gone on the stage.

Lady Marjorie Beckett first married the Earl of Feversham, who was killed in the second year of the War, and afterwards Sir Jervase Beckett, an uncle of Lord Grimthorpe.

The new Lord Warwick is forty-one, and has three sons, the eldest of whom, now Lord Brooke, is eleven.

What the Lady Said

A FRIEND sends me this little story from the country. Whilst a village meeting during the election was waiting for the arrival of the candidate a local lady filled in the gap by reciting Kipling's "If." You remember the last line—"Then you'll be a man, my son!" The lady recited with great fervour and emphasis. Having said all the "if's" with increasing intensity, she paused before the last line, then said in a tone of triumph, "Then you'll be a *son*, my man!"

A Double Baronet

SIR ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, who became a Mohammedan a few days before Christmas, is in the unusual position of being a double baronet. The first Hamilton baronetcy, that of Marlborough House, Hampshire, was created in 1776; the

Photograph *Central News*

WITH THE BUCCLEUCH HUNT

Prince Henry and his hostess, the Duchess of Buccleuch, at a meet of this famous Scottish Border pack at Selkirk last week. Prince Henry also attended the Hunt Ball, and was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Bowhill

Photograph *Topical*

WATCHING THE COURSING AT MENTMORE

A group taken at Mentmore which was lent by Lord Dalmeny for the Southern Counties Coursing Meet—blest this time by a little sunshine. Names: Colonel Cripps (left), the Countess of Carlisle, Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, Mrs. Charlesworth, Lord Dalmeny and Lady Mary FitzMaurice

Photograph] A UNITED HUNT MEET IN CO. CORK [*F. O'Brien*

A group of followers of the United Hunt at Kilshanig House, the residence of Mr. C. V. Miles. Our photograph includes the Master, Mr. J. Russell (fourth from left in front row), the Hunt Secretary, Colonel D. T. Secham, Col. and Mrs. MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Creagh, Mr. and Miss Secham, Mr. and Miss C. V. Miles and their daughter Miss Barry and Miss Crawford. The pack is well-known to many British officers, who used to hunt with it in those piping times when Fermoy was a garrison town

second, that of Trebinshun House, Brecknockshire, in 1819. Sir Archibald's father was the second baronet in the second creation, and on the death of a cousin, succeeded to the first baronetcy.

Sir Archibald Hamilton married a daughter of Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, and consequently a granddaughter of the Duke of Cambridge, and a second cousin of Queen Mary. After five years of matrimony this lady divorced him. Their only son was killed in the War.

Lord Headley is the most prominent of the English Mohammedans. He made the pilgrimage to Mecca last year, a journey of the deepest significance to those who hold the faith of Islam. Lady Evelyn Cobbold, who is a sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and whose son, Captain John Cobbold, married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, is, I believe, the only Englishwoman in our time to become a Mohammedan.

I remember there was a great stir and commotion when the late Lord Stanley of Alderley became a Mohammedan. If I remember rightly, he built a mosque at Alderley Park to the great perturbation of the Cheshire county folk, who looked upon the tenets of Mohammed as first cousins to "downright idolatry." People don't take so much notice of these things nowadays. At that time there were a considerable number of good earnest folks who were convinced that Lord Stanley of Alderley was a brand given over to the burning.

It was this Lord Stanley of Alderley's sister, Rosalind Countess of Carlisle, who emptied all the wine in the Castle Howard cellars into the lake when her husband succeeded to that princely house. All the fish were killed, but the lady's rabid teetotal principles were satisfied, although as a matter of absolute legal fact the wine was not hers to destroy.

Photograph] THOSE STARES ! [*Topical*

Some of the two hundred who attended the Derwent Hunt Ball at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough. In the front row (second from the left) is Mrs. S. S. Lockwood, wife of the popular ex-Master of the Staintondale, who acted as Master of Ceremonies at this Ball

The Riviera Week by Week

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOING WITH A SWING

Colonel and Mrs. Milner, who are among those helping to make the Riviera Season go with the proverbial swing at Nice, snapped on the Cagnes Golf Course

No wonder nearly every hotel is crammed at Monte Carlo. One reads of "fire, hail, floods, wind and snow" everywhere else, but here the poor man's blanket is warming the new poor and the idle rich alike. I have always regarded the Terrace as a depressing and ugly promenade, despite the beauty of the coast-line from it, except for a few weeks at the height of the season, when it becomes a sort of personality. But this year, because I am recovering from illness, I have found it charming, being full of colour and life, thanks to glorious sun and the early crowds who are especially gay about Christmas-time when there are many children about. The little ones never tire of watching the antics of Mrs. Bentinck-Budd's attractive lemur flirting with the dog pets of all kinds here, but curiously frightened of a big ginger cat, which it probably takes for a jaguar from its native forests. Between 11 and 12.30 you will see everybody, who is not golfing or motoring, here or about the cheese and the Café de Paris. What joyous meetings with old friends, what floods of gossip, what childishly stupid tales of one's latest gambling or golfing experiences! But what universal gaiety and good humour and how soon the jaded and pale slaves of business or politics regain colour and tone!

On the 10th and 11th there was snow on the golf course, but otherwise for many weeks the course and the restaurant have been crowded. Prince Louis of Monaco and his family have, of course, been up very shortly after arriving. Lord Forres also during the Christmas rush to the sun has been recruiting up there. He named his villa near Menton, Mont Agel. Lord Armaghdale has been prevented by a slight cold from golfing yet. Lord and Lady Sondes, who are at the Riviera Palace, have also been in the doctor's hands, but are now recovered. Mrs. Ames, who is at Menton, was second, and her son, Captain Tom Ames, first for a weekly medal here lately—surely an unusual event, if not a record. THE BYSTANDER Cups, value 500 francs each, for Mixed Foursomes on February 21 have been selected, and will be on view at Mappin and Webb's and at the Golf Club later on. The limit allowed in France by the Lawn Tennis Federation for first prizes is a value of 500 francs. The French Golf Union will, doubtless, follow this excellent example, which I commended to the donors. Hundred-guinea tea sets are not for the best interests of amateur sport. At Valescure, THE BYSTANDER Cups will be played for on March 16.

Photograph *E. Navello*

A WALKING-ON PART

Lord and Lady Ednam at the Gallia Lawn Tennis Club, Cannes

Photograph *Sport and General*

A FAMILIAR SCENE

Mr. Richard Paull with Captain and Mrs. F. F. Wessel on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

BRIDGE, of course, holds its own here, and at the Windsor there are sixteen or seventeen tables every night. Mah Jongg finds favour slowly. Lady Parry and Mrs. Howard Copland, who has Mrs. C. N. McLellan staying with her, are among the leading proselytisers. Among their converts are Captain and Mrs. Spicer Simson, Lady Fulton, Dr. Hirschfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Tyser. Prinze Mirza Khan had a bridge tea at his Villa Danichgah lately. Among the players were Comte and Comtesse Mortimer Megret, Mrs. Fagan, Mrs. Beith, Comtesse Gastaldi, Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and the Prince and Princesse Scey Montbelliard. One of the best-known bridgers in the English colony, Mr. Charles Holland, has just undergone a severe operation at Nice. Though over seventy, he has supported it splendidly—much to the joy of his many friends. I also hear of some poker-parties given by Lady Rothband and Lady Johnstone, among the players being Lady

Photograph *E. Navello*

TOURNAMENT TRIERS

Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, well known to Riviera Tournament audiences, photographed at Cannes

Nicholson, Mr. O'Hagan, Miss Greenwood and the Howard Coplands.

THE Japanese fête at the Bristol at Beaulieu was very successful, as the weather was ideal. The sisters Irwin were the star dancers, and were much admired. Nearly everybody was in Japanese costume, and there were real rickshaws and plenty of pretty Japanese favours and prizes.

THE Duke of Connaught often comes to Monte Carlo, and likes watching the dancing everywhere. The other day he lunched with Sir Robert and Lady Hudson at the Hermitage, and afterwards

Photograph *L. N. A.*

WATCHING POLO

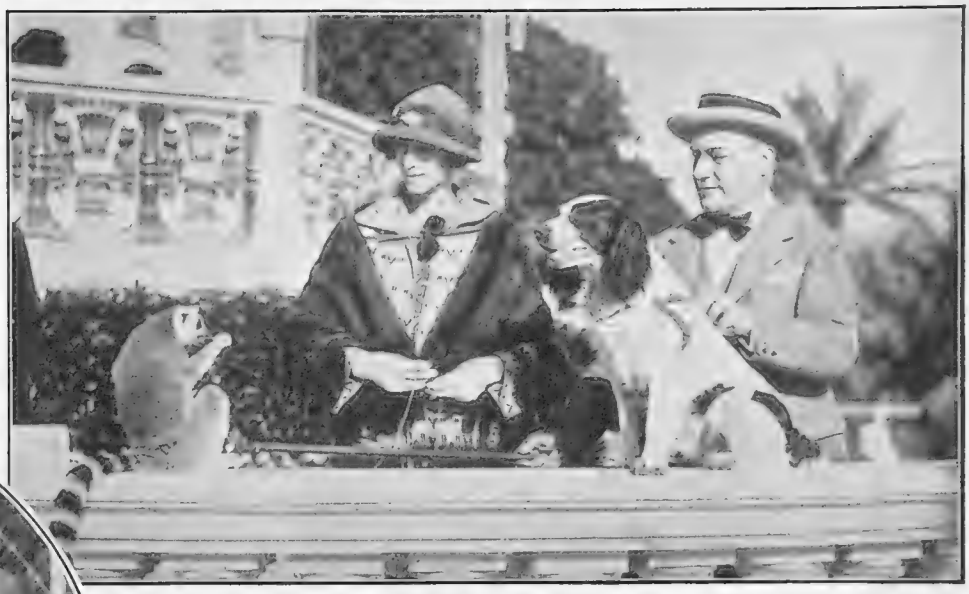
Mme. de Pena and Master Wilfred Isaac at the Mandelieu polo, where the galloping game is now in full swing

enjoyed the Russian ballet. At the Hermitage are staying or lunching or dining recently, Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Mrs. Edward Grenfell, the Granville Alexanders, Monsieur and Mme. Maurice Bernhardt, Mr. F. Clarke, Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heath, etc.

THE Grand Duke André and his party were a conspicuous element in the success of the Russian gala dinner at the Carlton on January 7, which is Christmas Eve in Russia. There was a huge and very amusing crowd and a large sum was secured for Russian charities.

THE Oceanic Museum at Monaco has recently greatly enlarged its famous aquarium, where the late Prince Albert housed his marvellous wonders of the deep. It has now thirty-three tanks in comparison with the twenty-six of the next largest at Naples. The conditions are so good here that the specimens increase in size and live a surprisingly long life in this marine paradise.

MANY distinguished people have been seen at the Hotel de Paris this week, including the Duchess of Abercorn and Lady Katherine Hamilton, Lady Rothermere, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lady Castlemaine, Lord and Lady Stanley, Captain and Lady Victoria Bullock, Lady Cottenham, Sir Henry E. Dering, Sir Charles Couper Barrie, Sir William Rowan Thomson, Brigadier-General W. Rudkin, Mr. James Redmond, Mr. Walter Rummel, Prince Kekhelli, Marquis Medici del Vascello, Comte and Comtesse de Bourg de Bozas, Baron and Baronne de Gutman, Comtesse de Reineck, Mr. and Mrs. Ropes Trask, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Pickard, Mrs. E. Styles, Mr. Pulitzer, Mr. H. C. Frick, Lady Palmer, Lady Graham, the Honourable George Lambton, Sir Thomas and Lady Wilton. Lady Ellis Griffiths has taken a flat in the Villa Beau-Site, just opposite Barclay's Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennett have returned from Rome to their beautiful Château de la Vivie, where they gave a musical reception on January 21.



Photograph **WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS—BY THIS TIME** *[Sport and General*

Mrs. Bentinck-Budd and her little pet (seated on the balustrade) on the terrace at Monte Carlo. The attractive little lemur is probably the best-known personality on the Riviera now

Photograph *E. Navello*

SNAPPED ON THE SIDE COURTS

Count de Rougemont and Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne on the Courts at Cannes

PRINCE NAPOLEON is staying at the Paris, as also Mr. Frank Hartigan, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim, Marquise M. de Chabannes, M. and Mme. Costa Zarifa, Commander Melville Ward, the Honourable Sir Arthur Stanley, Sir Clive Morrison Bell, M.P., Major Marcus Henry Milnor, Monsieur Pierre de Valrose and Lord Castlemaine. Miss Bacon gave a tea for her cousin, Mrs. Percy Cochrane, who is staying with her. Each of their guests received a mascot to bring them luck in the New Year. J. GALBRAITH HORN.

The La Festa Annexe

To cope with the rapidly increasing numbers of lawn tennis enthusiasts among our visitors, particularly at Monte Carlo, the International Sporting Club has opened six new courts on the site of the old stand in the Condamine district, where motor boats used to be housed. These courts are in the nature of an "annexe" to the La Festa Club, and so will only be available to members. The membership of this very comfortable club, however, has increased so fast recently that the existing court accommodation was often uncomfortably strained, and the new courts will supply a long-felt want.

TEA FOR THREE?

Major H. R. Crawford, with Mrs. and Mr. Charles Kingston, outside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo

THE LIFE OF ST. JAMES OF LOSSIEMOUTH

Heading by ALFRED LEETE

THE recent canonisation of himself by St. James Ramsay MacDonald has evoked general interest. Perhaps in the circumstances a few facts concerning the former career of the pontiff and martyr will not be out of place.

" There is a call," he cried at the Albert Hall, beaming fatuously under the fitful light of a self-imagined halo. He talked of " the search for the Holy Grail by knights like Keir Hardie." (The present writer once listened to a speech by Keir Hardie from the plinth of the Nelson Column. It lacked patriotism so much that even a Socialist audience murmured in protest.) Finally, he claimed, he of the Capital Levy, remember, to be doing in his own life what he could to make this generation " contribute something substantial to the well-being and happiness and *holiness* of human life."

This is not, I must remind you, James, the son of Zebedee, nor is he James the Less. This is a latter-day saint, a James born at Lossiemouth in 1866. He became a pious Socialist very early in life, and may be said to have been beatified in 1900 when he was appointed the anointed secretary of the celestial Labour party. For this it is to be hoped that he received an edifying salary.

Next we hear of him serving on the London County Council, in the atmosphere of which no doubt he led a purely spiritual existence. A contemporary member tells me that he was not venerated, but perhaps his red tie kept people too far away for them to appreciate his odour of sanctity.

In 1906 he got into Parliament for Leicester, which almost turned the town into a Cathedral city, and he began a new phase of his saintship by joining the Blessed Independent Labour Party which strove for a Socialist state. In 1911 he got four hundred spiritual sovereigns a year for serving in a House which never knew that it was entertaining a seraph unawares. Amongst his many religious efforts between this time and the outbreak of War was his opposition to naval increases. Sheer righteousness inspired him to do his best to ensure that Britain should not be equipped to defend herself.

In 1914 he was most devout to Germany, pressing that Britain should remain neutral. This specimen of religiosity was too much even for the Labour Party, who then made Arthur Henderson their leader. The good creature did not go to the bad. He continued to be a consecrated pacifist, and find comfort in the contemplation of his own godliness when all else were vile. All else, that is to say, but Philip Snowden and Arthur Ponsonby. With these two lesser spirits he communed and led an edifyingly unearthly life.

Consider the action of this Child of Light in January, 1916. The Labour Conference wished to pledge themselves to support the Government in the prosecution of the War. The embryo saint was horrified. What! Go on fighting the dear Germans! That was all very well for Conservatives and Liberals, but surely the Socialists knew better. The Labour Conference listened, conscious perhaps that here was someone who ought to be in another world, and, to their eternal credit, ignored his unctuous pleas. For, to the despair of Socialist missionaries, the Trade Unionist is as British as the duke.

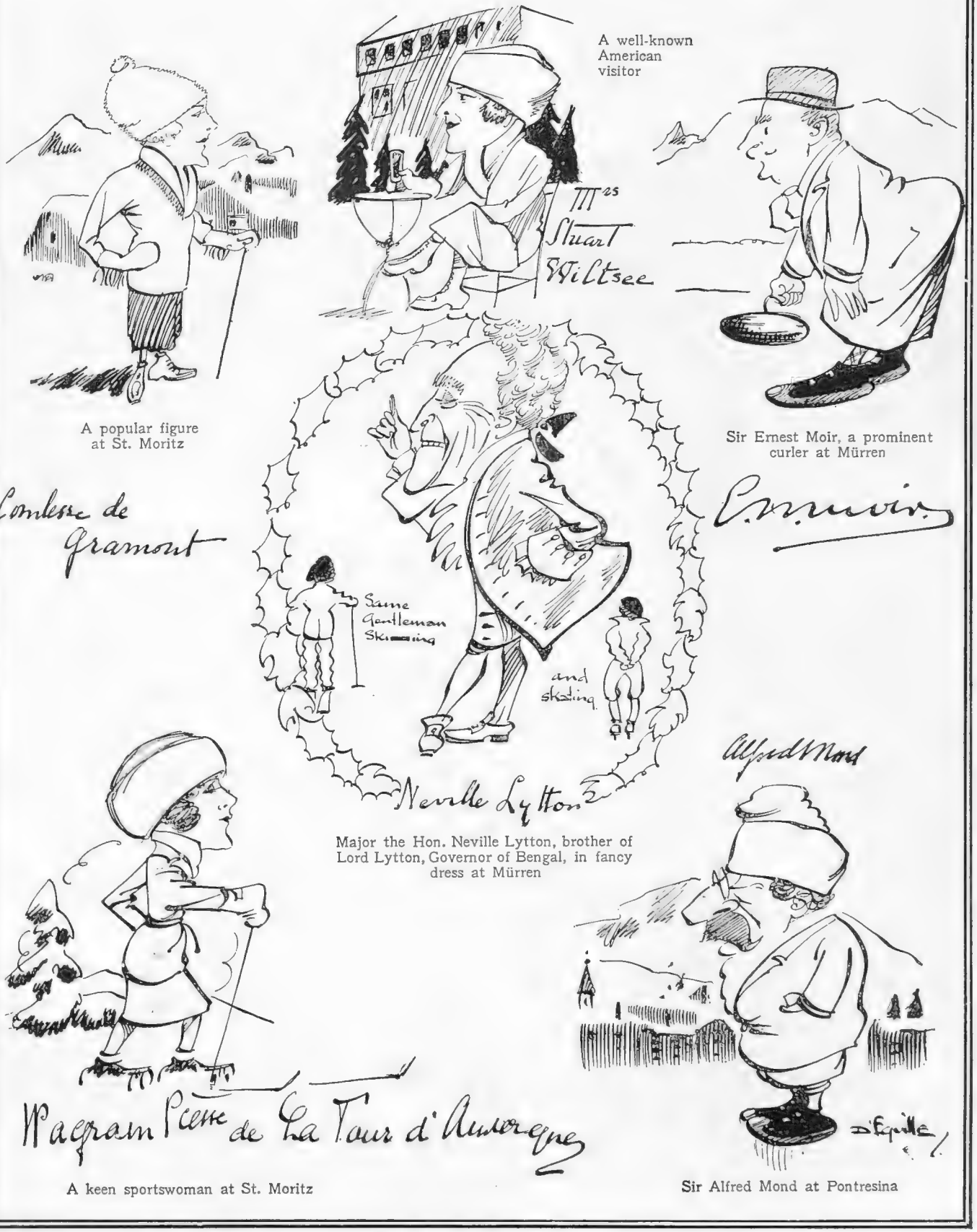
Next in the calendar of our shepherd's acts of virtue is the story of the Stockholm Conference in 1917. This was a sinister German effort to influence British Socialists. St. James the Mediator wanted to go to Stockholm and meet the German comrades. He also wanted French and Belgian Socialists to go, and crossed the Channel to try and persuade them. Alas! The French and Belgian Socialists told him to go to the place where we all know now he will never, never go, and poor St. James had to resign himself to visiting Stockholm alone.

But whatever do you think happened? There was an impious and profane society known as the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, which had practical knowledge of Germany's crimes at sea, and it refused to allow St. James to sail. The view this Trade Union took was that no Briton should hob-nob with the brothers of men who fired on drowning women and children, which only shows how dreadfully unhallowed and unregenerate sailors and firemen can be.

After the War, there was an ungodly General Election, if you remember. Did St. James get elected for Leicester? He did not. Did his holy career appeal to the bootmakers of that ancient borough? It did not. I regret to say that whereas 6,347 people accepted him at his own valuation, no fewer than 20,570 gave him the rational order of the Leicester boot, just as if he were a repulsive Judas instead of a Thirteenth Apostle!

The rest of the saint's career is so recent that I need not recall it. He is now the elect of a place called Aberavon in Glamorgan. There are 17,439 people in that district ready to prostrate themselves before him. Is the rest of Britain going to follow suit? Think! This missionary, who talks of " a call," this saint who is going to contribute to " the *holiness* of human life." Can you swallow that? Or do you regard him as one suffering from what psychologists call " the inferiority complex," and willing to reduce his country to the level of Russia and plunge *all* classes into the depths of misery?

Well, he may not be quite as bad as all that. But never forget that in his country's direst need this pietist failed her. When is the stick crooked and the shadow straight?

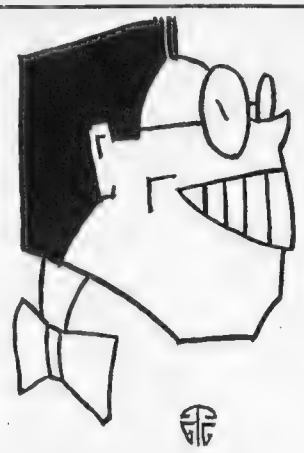
The "Write" Spirit in Winter Sports

BY D'EGVILLE

Some likenesses—and signatures—culled by our artist in that happy hunting-ground of winter sports enthusiasts, Switzerland

Well Trained

BY BERT THOMAS

DEALER: "Now, lidy, there's a good 'ouse dawg for yer. A real underground terrier, 'e is"
LADY: "Whatever's that?"
DEALER: "Why, a Barking non-stop, lidy"



"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

KINDLY to inform Hon. compositing person to tastishly print the following browsings which I shall now devolve.

How difficult it are, I meditate glumpishly, for studious foreign persons to gracefully acquire the English cultures and other artistic leanings. To myself I made resolve I should observe intensely the London stage performings, so I might talk high-browsily of English dramatics like Oxford and Cambridgeshire-bred persons. O, yes, that are goodish idea and shall make me very stylish and nob, I depose. But I soonly find this are not so easy as it made to 1stly appear, for who shall instruct me which are the intellect dramas and not the just pleasant entertainings for non-intelligences? A sweet thought strikes my head and I make to purchase all the news prints so I may read the criticals to discover the correct dramas for studious persons seeking artistic cultures. Then I peruse them with considerable assiduities and fondly hopes.

Alasly, I do not read for so very long before I am amaze with bewilderments. One critical say suchly play are very great nextly to Hon. Sir Shakespeare and all high-thinking persons must see it or remain uncultured. But I consult another print and the critical are completely to the contrary for this aforesaidly same play! This, it inform, are popular piece for carnal persons, but not for intelligents. So I seek another culture play which all the criticals shall worship, but I do not experience any good lucks. The 1st critical weeps that this play should be so unintelligent that it must be made by amateurish person very non-gifted. The 2nd critical ejacules "Banzai!" and indicts how this play are a genius production by person of very majestic talents. I rake my hair and tear a few in my despairs, for if the criticals have not knowledges of quality dramas and cannot syncronise, how shall non-professional person acquire cultures? But I observe 1 thing, which are that all the Hon. criticals evoke wails because the British dramatics have gone very entirely to the canines. This are considerably saddish news for human-minded persons who do not desire cruelties to our feathered quadrapeds that are too dumb to make self-defences.

Indeedly, yes, I are over-fed with these criticals and shall not any longer seek to acquire dramatic informations. Quitely the reverse, I inform myself, I shall mingle in sinful pleasures and other hectic joys which must make me very loose and deucish. Thusly disposed, I go seek Hon. friend who are very blackslide and pray him to instruct me in wicked joys so I shall be happy instead of good. "This are very sageish resolving, Yogo. I shall introduce women and wines and other indelicate pleasures which should make you very wordly and full of beans," he prognose.

"I am amaze with bewilderments"

"That shall be entirely O. K-ish," I revoke, "perhapsly I shall see some darkish under-worlds and suchly gilded vices, and grow very unmodest and fashionable. This are much better than making to swot the cultures."

I disported my joy apparels and Hon. friend conduct me to a night-club very *chic* and modish. "Now you shall poison your soul and become a good fellow and old top," he inform. "Soonly we shall be very hectic and wicked with some good sporters." I follow aforesaidly to underground apartment where 4 or 6 Hon. ladies in airish garments and artistic complexions danced very languishly with equivalent gents in diamonds and stout anatomies to jazz musics by Hon. instrumentals. It was not so very gay and allure as I had expect, but I feel sweetly wicked and non-virtuous among so many swift ladies with oggles and other abandoned seductives. I order some cockstails for self and 1 or 2 pieces of goods who then make me to dance irreverently with many wags. I order 2 or 3 cockstails further and dance with more goods till I produce fatigues and head pains.

"Now you have experience some gay and wicked life and soonly you shall be very stylish and evil," Hon.

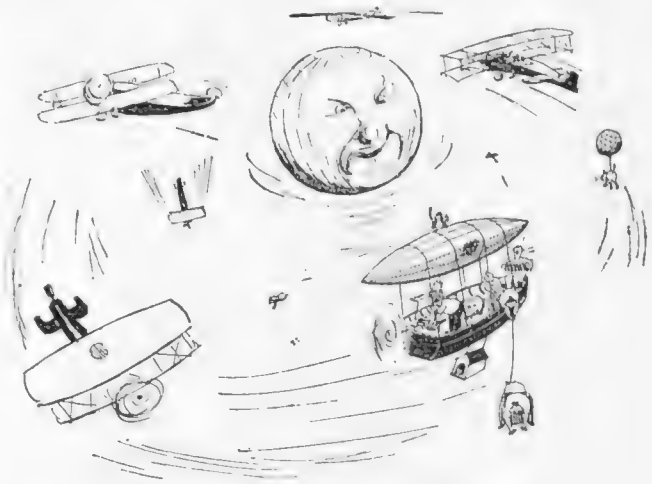
"A night-club very chic and modish"

friend remark. "I experience head-racks and indelicate stomach ebullitions, but I do not feel so very wicked." I rejoint moroseishly. "But this are famous den of fashionable vice! Consider how stylish it should be to experience arrest by police bobs for fast livings and other wealthy crimes," he reject with indig. "I do not wish to live very fast, but to die as soon as politely convenient," I repart weakishly and was transjected to a taxi. No, Hon. Sir, I do not think I shall make to further experience these saddish festives where persons are mulct of 4 and 6 or 5 shillings for 1 and 6 drink productive of tubular pains and other sufferings.

"They slumber while insideous persons perform darkish deeds"

At time of this transcription, Hon. Sir, I have political winds very high up and other social scarings. The news prints inform that very perhapsly Hon. Sir Ramsey shall become a Primate, which must be very ticklish for British constitutions. But how of Hon. Sir Baldwin, Hon. Sir Asquith and Hon. Sir Lord George? Are they not in slumbers while insideous persons make to perform darkish deeds? Consider how very saddish it shall be if persons who do not obtain 5,000£ per yearly must have a capital levy, or otherwisely suffer nationalizations and wear broad arrows in their coats and more unmentionable garments! Hithertoly we have some poorish persons and some wealthies, but soonly we shall all be poorish with not any wealthies to pay emoluments to working persons who will then bite the dust with saline tears and other regrets. If not impolite, Hon. Sir, may I seek to enquire this insignificant interrogation as per follows viz? If all the wealthies are mulct of their cashes for impoverish persons, what shall aforesaidly impoverishes do when they have blown their cashes, and the wealthies are too deplete and cannot pay further emoluments? Kindly to pity my feeble unintelligences, but this are not easy nut for non-initiated foreign person to dissolve, so excuse me if too indelicate.

Howsoeverly, let us be gay in case to-morrow we shall be perhapsly bust. I have read that this London's season are to be very brilliant and make records. Everybody must be very sparkling and many nobilities will wear their coronas and other privileged diadems. How very jolly it shall be when I shake hands with Hon. duchesses and other princely fairs, also to politely dance with aforesaidly who must wear stars on their garters and other rank insignias. O yes, I shall have an excellent beano and be very polished and urban. Perhapsly, if very polite, I shall be invite to kiss hands of highly noble fairs, which shall be a great blessing and give me swellings of pride.



"Hon. aeroplaners must fly with great velocities"

My Hon. friend, the small feathered sparrow, has whispered that soonly we shall witness an air race round the inhabited globe. This should be great excitements, but Hon. airoplaners must fly with great velocities, else how shall they run faster than the earth which spins on its axles 1000's of times per sq. mile? But it should be good sportings and many persons will put their puntings each way for a place with odds on the fields.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your healths have not declined including Hon. families, I shall remain.

Yugo Hama

"Many nobilities will wear their coronas"

A Rising Star

Photograph *Yvonne Gregory*

MISS ELIZABETH IRVING

Who will appear in the part of Amy Grey in the revival of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," which is due at the Comedy Theatre to-day (January 23rd). She is the daughter of the late H. B. Irving

"The Moonflower"

BARONESS CLIFTON'S FANTASTIC PLAY AT MIDHURST

SOME PEOPLE WHO COUNT IN THE KINGDOM OF "HOODOO"

Queen Kantankarella (Miss Marion Barton), her Page (Miss Rosamond Weaver), Pompostes, the Prime Minister (Lt. John Bowen, R.N.), and King Finnikin (Lt. Arthur Watson, 3rd Hussars)

THE BARONESS CLIFTON

The author and producer of the play, unsuccessfully tries to make herself look plain in the part of Princess Bogdarooda

Photographs *G. P. U.*

OBVIOUSLY NOT MADE OF GREEN CHEESE

A scene in the Moon. Shooting Star (Lieut.-Commander C. Holland, R.N.), on the extreme left, receives Queen Kantankarella, King Finnikin, Pompostes, the Princess Royal (Lady Clifton) and Moonflower (Miss Esmé Barton) in the Moon country. The play, which is a delightful mixture of delicate fantasy and satire, was exceedingly well acted; some splendid dancing (arranged by Miss Langdon, Mrs. Graham-Clarke's chief assistant, and Miss Marion Wilson) was a further feature

"PUPPETS!"

AT THE VAUDEVILLE

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by

MACMICHAEL

Produced on January 2, 1924

SOMEWHERE near the end of the programme of this delightful entertainment, there is a turn entitled, "Please Laugh!" Considering that by that time the house had been laughing almost incessantly for the best part of two hours, the request may seem a little unreasonable. Perhaps the management realised this, but hoped that we should make a special effort in response to a direct appeal of the kind. Well, I, for one, did my best. The turn consists of a number of short stories told with inimitable drollery by Mr. Stanley Lupino, who has the help of a cash-register to enable him to record the laughs he gets. His hurry to pound the keys after each hearty roar is a funny story in itself.

I HAVE read a good many criticisms of this revue, and while I am pleased to note that the majority of my brothers think as I do about it, I observe that one or two of the "highbrows" have turned their heavy batteries on the quality of the humour of the entertainment, and have decided that it is not true humour, and that we ought not therefore to have enjoyed it. I am, of course, only, as you might say, the cabin-boy in this profession, but I have always understood that if you analyse a joke, its quality vanishes on the instant. It is said to be a quality of the Scottish people that having heard a joke they will sleep on it, and decide the next morning whether it is a fit and proper thing to excite mirth. If the answer is in the affirmative they will indulge in a hearty laugh over the shaving-water—or the feminine equivalent to that stage of getting dressed. My difficulty is now that I have already laughed heartily at so many of the jokes which I find on cold analysis really ought not to have amused me at all; and I don't quite know what to do about it.

I WILL venture to take one concrete instance. There is a scene entitled, "A Dog's Life." Wilfred's wife Rosie has a pet dog that is such a constant annoyance to her husband that he hires a "Shady Character" to do the little beast in. In making up a story to account for the creature's disappearance, he says it was run over by a car in the street—though, thank goodness! it was a Rolls-Royce. The inference of course is that if the dog had been run over, say, by a No. 13 motor-bus, insult would have been merely added to injury. One of our highbrows is very angry with us for having laughed at Wilfred's explanation; but I really believe if I go to the revue again and hear Mr. Arthur Chesney telling the story as he did before I shall get another laugh out of it. And I shall probably wonder at the same time why a distinguished and learned critic should be in such a hurry to confess to the world that he is apparently lacking in the saving grace of humour.

THE scream of the revue—and I make absolutely no apology of any kind for having laughed myself hoarse over it—is "A Musical Interlude" by Mr. Stanley Lupino and Miss Binnie Hale. A mere description of the turn does not carry us very far forward. All that there is to say is that Miss Hale appears as a concert singer, with Mr. Lupino as her accompanist, and that neither of them appears to have even an elementary notion of the job they have undertaken. This does not, perhaps, sound very hopeful, but when you have seen Miss Binnie Hale walk on with the traditional smirk of the third-rate vocalist, and strive valiantly to overcome the series of drawbacks that forbid the entertainment to proceed, I think you will probably laugh a great deal. And some more after that. The turn depends entirely on the acting of the two principals. It is told almost entirely in pantomime, and is genuinely funny from first to last.

THE revue is largely made up of a series of turns by Mr. Lupino

ARTHUR CHESNEY AND BINNIE HALE

and Miss Binnie Hale. Miss Hale proves herself, among other things, to be a most accomplished mimic. She "takes off" with startling fidelity one or two of our popular musical actresses, and after each turn she responds to an enthusiastic "call" with the mannerisms of the lady she is representing, and not in her own way. This seems to me to be thoroughness to the last degree. Mr. Lupino is very droll as George Robey, and his imitation of Wilkie Bard is uncanny in its realism. An amusing scene is after the O. Henry model. Two persons, apparently members of the submerged tenth, a man and a woman, meet casually on a seat on the Embankment.

HERE Miss Binnie Hale is quite remarkable as a garrulous old charlady; while Mr. Lupino is a fine specimen of the Weary Willie breed. And at the end of their confidences, and just as both have claimed to be the real thing in destitution, their respective chauffeurs stroll on and inform his lordship on the one hand, and her ladyship on the other, that the car is waiting. The climax matters little, however. It is the humour that precedes it that gives the turn its charm.

YOU will probably be interested in the girls—at least I judge so by the number of opera-glasses in action all the time the chorus ladies were going through their paces. The connoisseur who has a good head (and eye) for figures will not be disappointed; but here, again, it is not easy to reduce the brilliant spectacle to words. I was personally quite taken with the little girl who was third from the other end, to say nothing of the dark one in the extreme corner. As the classic opera has it, "How happy could I be with either!"

AN amusing sketch, entitled "The New Portia" almost speaks for itself. It deals with possible complications that may arise if a lady barrister suddenly finds herself briefed in a divorce case in which one of the co-respondents cited is her husband. That is what happens to Portia in this case, and although the husband is, of course, innocent—it scarcely seems necessary to mention so obvious a contingency—Portia is none the less a good deal upset.

THEN there is the amusing instance of auto-suggestion. Jim strolls into a restaurant and orders some beer—a proceeding which shows, at least, that he is a man of intelligence. But the waiter chances to remark that Jim looks pale. Jim is not aware that he is in any but the best of health; but when he looks at himself in the glass he fancies he is paler than usual. Auto-suggestion. Then a dismal person comes in and speaks of a friend who was carried off with pneumonia last week; and, incidentally, he mentions that his name is Graves, and he introduces an old friend of the name of—Bury. Just as Jim is wondering whether or not to get into touch with the cemetery people, an old friend turns up and slaps him on the back and says he is looking fitter than usual, and that a horse that he backed at umpteen to one has romped home a winner.

THE result is that Jim is fit and well again. Dear old Coué himself could not have done the job more efficiently, or more rapidly. You will like Mr. Paul England's robust singing, and the lively dancing of Miss Fay Cole; and you will, I imagine, be amused at the show from end to end without considering whether you have a license from the elect to laugh or not. *Puppets* will draw the Town for many months to come. JINGLE

More of Mr. MacMichael's impressions in colour of the Vaudeville revue appear on pages 196 and 197.

"Reverie"

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

Senora Luis de las Rivas finds a quiet spot at St. Cassien near the La Napoule Golf Links

"PUPPETS"—THE NEW VAUDEVILLE

More sketches by MacMichael and Jingle's re

REVUE AS MACMICHAEL SEES IT

of "Puppets" appear on pages 193 and 194

"CINDERELLA"

BY JEAN HARDY

PARIS·NIGHT·LIGHTS

No. IV. By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Le Perroquet is the place where, the moment you get inside the room, you will see the fellow to whom you said a week or so ago in the club smoking-room in London, "Have you done with that paper, sir? Thanks." You had no idea, of course, that you would see him here, nor he you, and you care less. But you see no necessity for his immediately whispering excitedly to his very English lady, who stares haughtily across the room at your very French one.

Anyhow, "Perriky," as some insular Englishmen and nearly all globe-sauntering Americans call it, is the place not to go to if you have announced in the Society Columns at home that you have gone for a sea voyage in the Mediterranean. For you will most certainly be seen by somebody who knows you. All Britishers drift into Perroquet sooner or later, the sooner the better, because it is most widely appreciated abroad.

Albert Blazer, who runs *Le Perroquet*, has *Le Casino de Paris*, as it were, under the same roof. This is really not very fair of Albert, as I have often told him. Because as you step out of the glamour of one of the Casino's gorgeous *revues*, in the act of going to bed like a good boy, you invariably take the wrong turning, like the girl in the serial story, and find yourself in the hall of the Parrots instead. Which means 3 a.m. at least, before you snick off the electric light in your neglected bedroom.

Go to a *revue* at the Casino first. And stand, if alone, at the side of the dress circle (which is conveniently adjacent to a side door of the Perroquet), and glance over the packed house. It is a wonderful sight. Tier upon tier of white-faced humanity intent upon the great stage spectacle. It does not matter in the slightest if you don't quite follow what it is all about. The enormous staircase running up stage, and the glittering woman in the pink cloak, about twenty-five yards long, walking majestically up and down it in a robe (what there is of it) of scintillating silver. The chorus beneath in varying stages of beauty, adorned and unadorned; the immense orchestra; the pulse and throb of some purple Eastern story — and at the final crescendo and curtain a muttered blessing on your part that you did not bring your rectory relations with you. . . .

"BLAZER"

Well, you see, Perroquet follows inevitably after all this, as the thirst follows the sweet champagne. I imagine there must be some significance about shades of cerise colouring that I have not probed. For here again *chez* Perroquet you have bright cerise backs to the seats all along the room, a dull cerise carpet, provocative paintings of parrots all over the walls, two huge domed ceilings pricked here and there with pale green lamps, and six enormous lights over the dancing space, with hanging beards of jet black silk. We have no place in London so alluring in decoration as this hall of the parrots. Are the owners laughing behind their sleeves at us *étrangers* in the splashing of parrot paintings all over the place—I wonder? We are very like some of them, it seems. We say and do the same things "night after night, week after week"—as George Robey has often told us.

Now, pale green lights against cerise walls; a pink and pale green ceiling; a band at each end of the large room, the one starting on the last bar of the other; *paté de fois gras* and a *salade* as only a Frenchman can mix one, and a wine-list in book form (very informative and chastening to the reader), and the

night-bird has, it seems to me, got all he set out to find, and more.

It is here that I want you to study the ladies. Not that you don't always do so with an avid interest wherever you are; but here you will see more beautiful women crowded within four walls than I suppose anywhere else in the world at the present time. *Bien entendu* that you have brought a beautiful lady with you, for no man sups at Le Perroquet alone, it simply isn't done; but at the moment we will suppose twenty pairs of male eyes are appraising her, and so she is being kept very busy pretending not to notice it, and has rambled off into a long story to you about nothing. Therefore, while apparently listening to her designed and very vivacious monologue, which has no beginning and will have no end—look round and about.

Almost all the nations of the earth are gathered here. As usual the Americans predominate, French a fair to middling second, the English third in point of numbers; and the rest—Europe, Asia, Africa and Heaven-Knows-Whence.

It is difficult to believe that on any one ordinary night in any one place, for no particular reason save the oldest reason in the world, so much feminine loveliness could be got together in a room certainly smaller than the Grafton Galleries.

And what frocks! A male writer's hand begins to pause when touching upon so obtuse a matter as an evening frock, and he is like to slide out of his depth. A feminine writer dives into terrible technicalities, which are as arabic to the male reader. Suffice, therefore, to say that you will see at Perroquet gowns such as you have never seen before, for sheer audacity and expense, and faces above them (a long way above them) that will make you almost gasp out loud in admiration.

It was here that I sat next to an American woman one night with whom I had to deal firmly. Her husband was sitting on the other side of me, so there was at least safety, alas, in that. My remonstrance was due to the fact that she is generally recognised (even by her own sex) as one of the loveliest women in Paris to-day. She lives there. She was asking me pointed questions about England, looking me very straight between the eyes the while, and I was giving her, so she said, unsatisfactory and silly answers.

I said in desperation, "I can't remember anything about any of these stupid old things while you continue to look at me like that, Minkie. If you'll look at somebody else, and give me a chance to pull myself together a bit, I'll try——"

That is Perroquet, summed up in a paragraph. A hundred women will look at you like that, out of eyes that lay waste the mind to all coherencies of thought and speech.

No wonder it is the most popular place in Paris.

"LE PERROQUET"

NEXT WEEK!

No. V

RECTORS

From the Court of Louis

Photograph *Sasha*

MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH

Who is appearing in the latest Daly's success, "Madame Pompadour," the musical play which deals with the days of Chivalry in France

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

As masters of English, certain Socialist Members considered the *swearing-in* ceremony to be decidedly dull.

. . . . . .

Sung with enormous success by the Lady Labour M.P.s:

We are honest M.P.s
Who are anxious to please,
Not ladies who grumble and grouse;
When together upstairs,
P'raps we MAY put on airs,
But we take off our hats to the House!

. . . . . .

We note that the Chinese delegation have been visiting certain of our shipyards which are constructing battle-cruisers. We trust that they have not found a Chink in our armour.

. . . . . .

We read that a sexton in the West Country, while inspecting a vault, inadvertently fell into it. A grave error.

. . . . . .

Mustapha Kemal is again in the limelight. Years ago he was dining over here in a small restaurant in Soho, and haughtily remarked to the waiter, "I'm Mustapha Kemal."

"Must'ave a Kümmel, must you?" retorted the latter. "Well, you'll 'ave to put up with a drop o' port!"

. . . . . .

A lady from Bridport, writing to a contemporary, states that an infallible cure for chilblains is salt. Perhaps she is one of the favoured few who pay a peppercorn rent.

. . . . . .

A bridge player, after a casual glance at the Honours List, confidingly remarked to us, "Honours are easy."

. . . . . .

A lad at Leicester, prosecuted for breaking windows, was described by his schoolmaster as a genius. If genius means the infinite capacity for breaking panes, he has earned the title.

A complaint is made that ladies who attend the winter sales are too violent in their efforts to secure bargains. In other words, our impetuous females sail to a sale to assail!

. . . . . .

The conflict between the police and street bookmakers is eternal. Both of them are either raiding or abetting.

. . . . . .

The proper place for criminal lunatics is not Broadmoor, but an insanitorium.

. . . . . .

"Ealing by prayer" was one of last week's evening paper's headlines. Some, who live there, pray to get away from it.

. . . . . .

American prohibitionists are still loudly lamenting the smuggling of Scotch whisky into the States. That seems to be the whine of their country.

The U.S.A. authorities are also considering the practicability of fining all ladies with high boot-leggings.

. . . . . .

A country clergyman from Swinerush-on-the-Boose writes to us indignantly denouncing as an insult to his cloth the recent raid on Rector's Club.

. . . . . .

An unqualified Leeds practitioner who wrongly diagnosed a patient's internal complaint was told that he had no sense of decency. Why didn't they add he had no sense of tumour?

. . . . . .

Oh, Reverend Doctor Spooner,
If to retire's your plan,
I fancy we could sooner
Have spared a better man!
How well do I remember
My earliest glimpse of you
Way back in that September
When I was new to New.

I wonder if it's shabby
If I should here recall
That tale about your tabby
You told us after Hall.
No climax came so pat, sir,
Or won such huge applause,
As when you said your cat, sir,
Popped on its little draws!

. . . . . .

Peace is still the goal towards which the League of Nations is striving. The only place where we can find him is in the Chamber of Horrors!

RATHER LIKE A DRY POINT By Blam

"I'm just like America, Christopher"
"I don't quite get you, Ronny"
"Well, you see I'm beautifully wet outside and fearfully dry inside"

Answers to Correspondents

"Auction Bridge."—Yes. *Sursum corda* means "lift up your hearts," but you ought not to use the phrase when you are doubling that suit.

"Jones Secundus."—We do not know how much tuck the Roman boy could have bought for a denarius. But certainly the Greeks had obol skirts.

"Tottenham Hotspur."—No. Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur* is not a treatise on Association football.

"Student."—Yes. Inhaling soup is the German national pastime.

"Clerical."—The fact that your verger succumbed in church does not prove that he died of pewmonia.

"Dog-Lover."—We know nothing of wire-haired telegraphy.

The Refined Spirit in Advertising

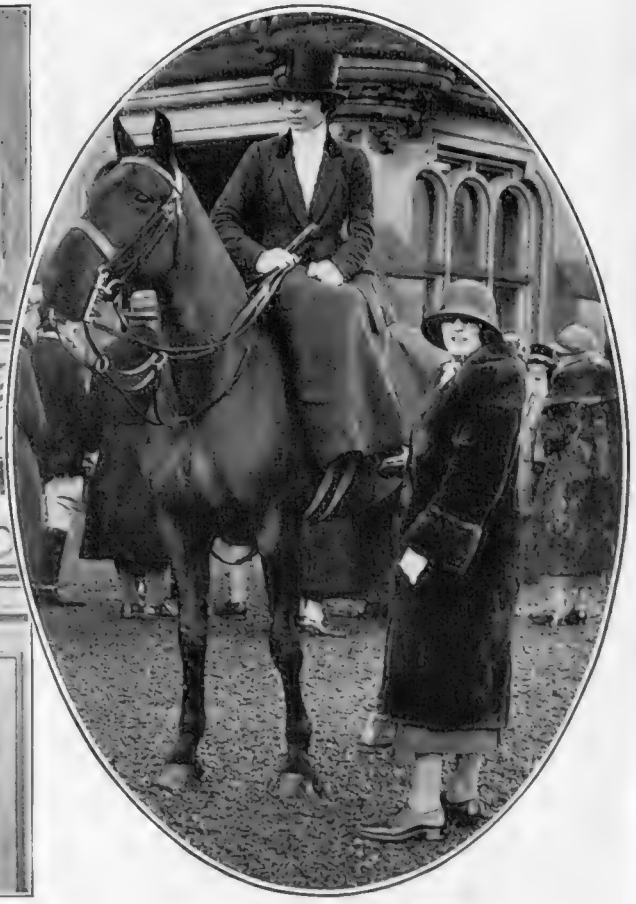
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Some new and æsthetic methods of showing the enormous benefits of the Best Brands of Motor Spirit, which do not damage the countryside

A Meet and a Hunt Ball Across the Border

AT THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HUNT BALL

A group at the Town Hall, Lockerbie, where the Dumfriesshire held their recent Hunt Ball. The picture includes: Mr. John Buchanan-Jardine (the Master), the Countess de Caraman, Miss Anson, and Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine



BEFORE THE MEET

Miss Bell-Irving (left) and Mrs. Stewart outside Castle Milk, where the Dumfriesshire met. Castle Milk is the residence of the Master's father, Sir Robert Jardine, Bart.

Photographs

READY FOR A RUN

Mr. North (left), Mrs. J. Buchanan-Jardine, and Mr. Pease, up bright and early for the Dumfriesshire Meet after the ball

Sport and General

FOUR OF A SPORTING KIND

Major R. P. Nicol (left) the Hunt Secretary, Mr. J. Buchanan-Jardine M.F.H., Major Johnson and Sir Robert Jardine, the Master's father, at the Castle Milk Meet

The "Morning After" Meet of the West Kents

Photograph British Illus.

A STIRRUP CUP OF KINDNESS

Miss Kathleen Styles, the Master of the West Kent, does a balancing act before an admiring audience at the Bradbourne meet

Photograph Alfieri

WATCHING THE MEET—MORE OR LESS

Miss Arnoldi (left), Major Wallis, Miss Reade and Major Latham-Browne photographed at the West Kent meet at Bradbourne Hall, near Sevenoaks. The Hunt Ball was held on the previous evening at The Wildernesse, Seal, formerly the home of the Marquess Camden

Photographs

MINE HOST AND HIS LADYE

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, of Bradbourne Hall, where the West Kent met on the morning after a very successful Hunt Ball

British Illus.

THE VISCOUNTESS HARDINGE

With some of the pack at the Bradbourne Hall Meet of the West Kents. Lady Hardinge is a kinswoman of the Marquess of Abergavenny

ARABIC WITHOUT TEARS

By PHILIP BATTY

THE Tombs are open again! Luxor is calling, and tours to the mysterious, romantic East are setting forth daily. Egypt, Jerusalem, Damascus, Baghdad, all have prepared for the inrush of visitors; guides, carriage-drivers and hotel-keepers have learned new methods of extortion.

And how many of those who propose to tour the East can speak the language? None? Very few. Yet Arabic, of all languages ever invented, is the easiest to learn.

Five minutes study of this article, in itself a course of instruction, will give the reader a working knowledge of the tongue, enabling him to overcome any difficulty he is likely to encounter. No stupendous fees are charged for this lesson; no extravagant promises are made that the student will pass as an Arab on completion of his reading. We know that he will not.

The first sentence to be mastered is "Bucra insh'Allah," pronounced quite simply "Bucra insh'Allah," and as easily translated "To-morrow, if Allah Wills." The number of times in one day that it is on the lips of the Arabic-speaking peoples is as the grains of sand in the desert of Sinai.

The beggar in the street, the vendors of highly priced wares, the gamins in the gutters, all are happily contented if their appeals to your generosity or credulity meet with this response—that you will consider their proposals to-morrow, provided always that Allah wills.

Of the odds against intervention from this quarter we do not now propose to speak. Suffice it to say that this phrase seems to possess remarkable nurturing powers. Beggars grow fat upon it and multiply, even though to-morrow never comes in the Orient, and although Allah rarely exerts himself to will!

The next word that must be learned is "Maaleish," "Maa" pronounced as in "mother-in-law," and "leish" according to dialect or taste, either "Lish" or "Leesh" or "Laysh." Whatever its pronunciation, however, it has but one meaning, namely, "It does not matter," and is, therefore, the exact equivalent of the Parisian "San fairy ann."

No vocabulary is complete without it; no traveller in the East can feel at home unless this essential word springs naturally to his lips. It is the soft answer that has turned away the wrath of countless ages; to use it is to excuse oneself from all suspicion of blame.

You are seated, for example, in some trellised balcony, one of those beloved of love lyrists, and you cast your glowing cigarette end into the street below. It lands between the neck and collar (if any) of a gentleman beneath. Imprecations burst from his lips, and are borne to your ears on the perfumed breeze of the Orient. Obviously you are responsible—there are no other balconies in the neighbourhood.

But your study of Arabic has not been in vain. "Maaleish," you softly murmur, and all is well. Incidentally, it would be as well in a case of this nature to add "Koolo min Allah," meaning "All things come from Allah." Your insinuation might quite easily act as the healing ointment for the burn.

On the other hand, suppose you were in the street in the middle of the rainy season, and a camel, treading ponderously in a puddle, covered your new flannel suiting with slime, the expression "It does not matter" would hardly suffice, especially for a camel.

You would then summon up all the spite and venom at your command, and hiss with a wealth of guttural "Ichri baitak!" This is a charming expletive, signifying "May your house be destroyed." There is no evidence that undue activity in the building trade has ever followed its use, but it relieves the feelings.

Care should, however, be exercised, for although fully 30 per cent. of the people to whom you are likely to express this destructive desire do not possess houses at all, yet, as a matter of principle, they will very strongly resent your attitude. Make it quite clear, therefore, that it is the camel's house you would have destroyed.

The student now has a very sound basis upon which to begin a detailed study of this fascinating language. Next week will be found a highly instructive chapter entitled "Arabic Swearwords and Their Use."

[Not here!—ED.]

Photograph WHERE THE CLUB PAPER GOES! *W. K. Ambler*

Three servants of the Egyptian State Railway Club in Cairo caught in the act of reading the Club copy of a useful guide to knowledge. We hope they didn't cut out the actor coupon!

"MORE trouble brewing" is a head-line in one of our sensational contemporaries. As good beer drinkers, our trouble *is* the brewing.

. . . .

NOWADAYS we are all in favour of equality between the sexes. Some old-fashioned fogies, however, still think that the proper place for Woman's Rites is the front of a mirror.

. . .

"IT must be very galling to you to be described as an habitual criminal," remarked the chaplain to the old lag.

"It's more than that, sir," replied the latter; "it's Wormwood and Scrubbs to me!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

The great superiority of the quality of "BLACK & WHITE" is evidenced by an always increasing demand both in the Home and in the Export Market.

As a result of the compulsory stoppage of distillation for two years there is a serious shortage of Old Matured Scotch Whiskies, without which no blend of high-class quality can be produced.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their Associated Companies, are in the predominant and unrivalled position of holding upwards of 29,000,000 GALLONS of Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, HOLBORN, E.C.1.

PURPLE PATCHES. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"No Victorianish father or mother would approve"

LONDON, *January* 21

DEAR COUSIN—

WHEN the nights are long and the days short, like they are now, 'stonishing how naturally and well-nigh inevitably we seem to drift into a sort of artificial manner of life, so to speak. Exotic kind of outlook on everything, I mean, all from the indoor point of view, with the mere "living according to nature" idea counting as naught, or rather less.

WHEN it's a positive pain and effort to get up as early as the more or less conventional 8 a.m., owing to the old sun himself not having really properly risen by that time. . . . When you don't go out at all if you can possibly help it, and unless duty calls so feart'ly loudly that you can't by any decent manner of means disobey her behests. . . . When armchairs by the fire smile at you invitingly, and the outside world looks all forbiddingly frowning and dark. . . .

MUST 'fess I love the dark days of this winter of ours—whereof there's never any doubt whatsoever 'bout *it* coming—very much, 'tween you and me, for those very reasons aforesaid. After all, what *is* life (if lived at all) 'cept contrasts? Nothing else, is there, that gives it such a zip and a jip and a genial feeling of vivid, vivifying boom as that? Black against white, a splash of bright scarlet to contrast with the dull grey, frantic, frenzied moments of rush that set off the long quiet times by the fireside or working steadily and silently at our allotted task. . . .

THOSE purple patches. . . . I s'pose in the end, come to think of it, they're what we most of us, anyway us of the right sex, really live for. To eat, to drink, to sleep—anybody can do that, tho' cert'nly it'd be most uncomfortable to miss any single one of 'em any day. But it's just in the here-and-theres, isn't it?—'tween times of the ord'nary sound, respectable ways of going on and living and having your being, and when for the moment the ordinary joys of existence have ceased temp'rily to function—that the real joys begin.

LIFE . . . there's such a lot of really nice hot roast beef in it, and cabbage and potatoes and thoroughly nutritious stewed apples and rice pudding—and yet. . . . And yet, all the while the unregenerate among us (and there's quite lots of that kind, I'm afraid: you'd be surprised) are panting for just the immoral little extras that no Victorianish father or mother would approve of—the *sorbets* and the *surprises* and the devilled roes on toast of life.

SUCH a lot of roast beef and potatoes in life there is, you know, come to think of it. Such excellent and admirable fare, too. And so nutritious and sustaining, and conducive to all the old-time virtues that our godfathers and our godmothers pledged us to at our christening, and that we, somehow, haven't ever been able quite to get away from ever since. Though not really, some of them, quite awf'ly good ones, after all.

TAKE the very potato-y one, f'rinstance, of never speaking until you're spoken to, or words to that effect; of always hiding any sort of feelings you may happen to have and never by any chance declaiming in public on your own pers'nal tastes and so on—if they should happen to be strong and definite enough to declaim about at all, that is.

THAT kind of idea, t'any rate, is dead, thanks be to Heaven, or whoever it was that fortunately and happily brought it about. Nowadays, anyway, you *are* allowed to say what you think, even if you happen to be a woman—and, 'nfact, even more so, in those partic'lar circs., seems to me. To be a woman, in very sooth, is rather an excuse, these days, instead of a hopeless handicap. So I s'pose we really must have progressed, anyway, just a little bit since the Stone Age, or the Teuton Age of that now rather dethroned model among monarchs, Victoria the Good.

"Kicked and scratched and bit"

WHEN it simply wouldn't have been believable or even dreamable about, that there'd ever happen what happened the other night—a dinner with eight real live women M.P.'s at it, all celebrating their having just got into Parliament. But really rather one of the Purple Patches of life it was, come to think of it, wasn't it? When you think of only a very few years ago, and when you remember—if anyone can, or wants to—the days just before the War, and all the things they used to say about women even wanting the *vote*. No one, of course, ever in their wildest moments pictured there actually being women M.P.'s—with, what's more, talk, too, of at least one woman p'raps having a Cabinet job, if that Labour Government comes in.

SOME of the women who fought so hard for the vote must have smiled when they heard of that banquet. They did fight for it too, lit'rally and really. Kicked

and scratched and bit, and threw stones through windows, and burnt houses down, and shadowed Premiers and people even on to the sacrosanct precincts of the golf links. And most of us mocked them or spoke of 'em with lofty scorn—all of the Victorians among us did, anyway, and even a few of the ones with brains (not, of course, including Mr. Bernard Shaw). Superior persons like the late lamented Mrs. Humphry Ward withered them with supreme contempt from the columns of the *Times*—which, by the way, described her, those days, as "the greatest woman writer of this generation," or words to that effect. And who's ever even *heard* of her now?

"The imaginary kingdom of Hoodoo"

FOR this is the age of women who *do* things. Like Lady Betty Clifton, f'instance, who wrote and produced a clever fantasy at Midhurst the other day, all about a 'maginary kingdom of Hoodoo and a voyage to the moon. Enjoyed all of its delicious satire, I did, and Mrs. David Robertson's d'lightful scenery of the moon mountains, and the delicate fun which this clever author-journalist-and-barrister-to-be poked at precedence and socialism *and* puppet monarchies. And I dined 'tween whiles with the pretty little Princess Broceliane of Hoodoo (in real life, I b'lieve, Miss Honor Christian) quite as gracious as many princesses of far sterner countries, in that charming old-world hostelrie "The Spread Eagle"—sort of place you know where mine host says, "Yes! This is what we call the modern part, it was built in 1650; the old part dates from 1445. . . ."

FIND some of *my* purple patches, don't mind telling you, these wintry days, at Covent Garden or Queen's Hall, where they're giving those lovely Saturday "Pops"

"Off to the Opera"

every fortnight, with all sorts of Debussy and Delibes and other tuneful things that you don't often hear, but are 'stonishingly cheering and heartening amid the general January greyness. And, oh, dear cousin, whenever I go and sit in my stall at the opera, simply can't *imagine* why I'm not there every night of the week, spite of all the millions of other things that always seem to be turning up to be done and seen.

HEARD the most d'lightful *Aïda* there the other night, f'rinstance, with not only Edna Thornton being, *comme habitude*, a fine Amneris, but Florence Austral—who comes, as you can guess, from Melba's country—doing Aïda with such a quite new command of acting that I think I enjoyed that wonderful voice of hers for the first time to the full.

ALSO among other more or less purpurean flecks or spots upon our calendar of the immediate future, there looms invitingly the British Drama League's Hassan Ball at the Hyde Park on January 30—where the Hassan company from His Majesty's is going to attend, I'm told, in full force—and on February 6 there's to be yet another very full (also fancy) dress affair at Olympia, in the new monster hall they've got, for those most awf'ly good causes, the Nation's Fund for Nurses and the Central Council for Infant and Child Welfare.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

GREEK TRAGEDY IN AN OPERATIC SETTING

The recent production of Mr. Rutland Boughton's "Alkestis" at Covent Garden proved that the sombre solemnity of Greek tragedy is not impaired when used as the basis of an opera. The scene from the opera shows Clara Serena as Alkestis, Kathleen Davis as the handmaiden, Walter Hyde as Admetus, and Frederick Collier as Thanatos

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Amateur Jocks

MANY racing people are wondering whether Major E. C. Doyle has not been rather harshly treated by the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee. Briefly, they have declined to allow him to ride any more as an "amateur rider" in those races which are open to professional jockeys. This means that if Major Doyle is to ride as frequently as he has been in the habit of doing during the past few seasons he will have to become a professional. According to his own statement, this change of status is distasteful to him. Apart from social considerations this officer, who holds the D.S.O. and had fifteen years' service in the Regular Army, thinks it a bit too late to become a "pro." at thirty-nine years of age. Major Doyle is rather sore at having been singled out for this treatment by the National Hunt Committee, while amateur "permits" are being handed out to others whose names will readily suggest themselves to followers of winter racing.

A Surprising Tip

I OBSERVE that the Aga Khan is reported as having said, that in his opinion the Derby of 1924 is likely to be won by Lord Astor's Bright Knight. Assuming that he has been correctly reported, this opinion comes strangely from the owner of colts like Diophon and Salmon Trout, the former of whom is a stronger winter favourite than Bright Knight. We know, of course, that the latter is a colt of very great promise, but he has never had the opportunity of accomplishing the big things which Diophon has done. The latter's victory in the Middle Park Stakes was a singularly attractive performance, and stamped him as an exceptionally high-class customer. It is quite possible that the Derby may not be won by any of these. Sir Hedworth Meux has a colt called Donzelon, who must, surely, be brought into the reckoning. Even at the back-end of last season he was still only a "baby," yet his triumph at Hurst Park was remarkably convincing.

A "Dark" Colt

IT would not be unprecedented in the history of racing if the best three-year-old colt were to prove to be one of whom nothing at all was seen as a two-year-old. I have in my mind a colt who is trained by Fred Darling at Beckhampton and belongs to Lord Woolavington, who, I hope, will derive pleasure and renewed health from his sojourn in South Africa. The name of this colt is Tom Pinch, and I have reason to know that a good deal is thought of him at Beckhampton. I notice that he is being quoted in one bookmaker's list at only 16 to 1 for the Derby, which clearly shows that there have been some inquiries for him. Another significant thing is that Lord Woolavington has recently purchased the French horse, Keror, with the special object, I believe, that he should lead Tom Pinch in his work. Then we have the fact that the colt is an own brother to the redoubtable Captain Cuttle. We await his first appearance on the racecourse with considerable interest.

By "THE TOUT"

JIMMIE HOGAN, JUNIOR

One of the season's champion jockeys over a country. Although he has not yet ridden a National winner, "Jimmie" is bound to have a big following whatever he gets up on in the great race next March

In the Mist

WHAT a pity the weather should have been so unkind to us at Newbury last week. On both days it was quite impossible to see very much of the racing. You had a fleeting glimpse of the horses as they passed the stands and disappeared into the mist on the far side of the course. Then for a few minutes you were left wondering what was happening in the darkness beyond. Who was in front? Was the favourite still on his legs? You remained in suspense until just before the last fence was reached, when you began to pick out the colours again. William Nightingall showed us a smart novice at the meeting in All Away, who looks like gaining further successes over hurdles. Let us hope for better weather conditions for the Kempton Park meeting this week-end. **Groomsport** may win the chief hurdle race on Friday, while **Maxtoi** is my selection for the Cranford Steeplechase on the following day.

Photograph *Topical*

THE WHADDON MEET

Mr. W. Murray (left) and Mr. Anthony Rothschild, at the recent meet of the Whaddon Chase which took place in the village of Weedon, near Aylesbury. A huge field assembled to follow the hounds on this occasion.

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

A Border Pack

PRINCE HENRY has lately had the agreeable experience of seeing the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds at work in their fine sporting country on the Border. Comparatively few people are aware that this is one of the best fox-hunting regions in the kingdom. The foxes are a straight-necked breed, and when scent is serving well they can be depended upon to give long runs in the open. Indeed, Prince Henry had more than one practical demonstration of the quality both of the foxes and hounds. The first time he went out with the pack the sport included a sparkling hunt lasting two hours. What is more, hounds bowled

Photograph *Central News*

IN OPEN ORDER

Hunting, which has been popular in Ireland from time immemorial, carries on to-day unmolested by the restrictions which hunting-folk in our less fortunate country have to endure owing to foot-and-mouth disease. Above are seen some followers of the Ward Union Staghounds at a meet at Donaghmore Cross Roads, Co. Meath. Mr. J. Ennis West, Miss Ennis West, Miss Moore and Mr. Dodd

their fox over at the end. One advantage which the Buccleuch country possesses over more fashionable hunting districts is that there is scarcely any wire. You have walls and timber to jump, with a wide variety of hedges. The greater part of the country consists of grass and moorland. Few hunts have had a longer history, for hounds were being hunted in this quarter long before the Dukes of Buccleuch began to maintain the pack.

With the Duke's

BAD weather caused the Badminton people to lose a day's sport following their highly successful Hunt ball. This outing had been keenly looked forward to by many of those who had been invited to stay in the district for the dance. For this special occasion the Hunt Committee had thoughtfully arranged to relax the severe capping regulations now in force. Since then, however, the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds have been hunting uninterruptedly, and though scent has never been really breast high, Lord Worcester and Tom Newman have in turn shown some very enjoyable sport. In marked contrast with the doleful experiences of the Shires, it has been quite a good season so far in the Badminton country. One of the neighbouring packs, the V.W.H. (Cricklade), have all done extremely well on the whole. Last week they added a good seven-mile point to their other smart performances of the season.

A Surrey Hon. Sec.

MR. FRANK C. MORRISON has rendered such excellent service for many years to the cause of foxhunting in Surrey that it is not surprising that the members of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt have not allowed him to retire from his position as honorary secretary without giving him a practical token of their appreciation. The presentation took the shape of a gold watch and a set of sporting prints. On an illuminated address the names of 158 subscribers were inscribed. All the hunting people of the district are deeply indebted to Mr. Morrison for the hard work which he has put in. The job of Hunt Secretary is no sinecure in these days, and Mr. Morrison always took his duties very seriously. I remember him when he looked after the affairs of the Burstow Hunt prior to its amalgamation with the Old Surrey, a movement which became necessary when the latter pack lost so much of its country owing to the remorseless spread of bricks and mortar. How changed much of the Old Surrey country has become since those far-off days when hounds hunted as near to town as Peckham Rye, Forest Hill and Sydenham! A. W. C.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

HUNTING IN "OULD OIRELAND"

A group of hunting enthusiasts at a recent meet of the Meath Foxhouuds, one of the most noted of Irish packs. The group shows General Downing, Miss Downing, Mrs. Downing and Miss Margaret Moriarty

From the Riva

PICTURES OF RECENT DOINGS I

PETER DOODY'S LATEST MOUNT

Alfred Lester, the famous comedian, lugeing at St. Moritz. He is evidently a little doubtful about the finish of an otherwise successful "run"

Photograph *Central Press*

OXFORD BOXERS KEEPING FIT

By taking a course at St. Moritz. Left to right: E. Fagan, J. Brown, Lord Clydesdale (captain of the O.U. Boxing Club), P. I. Bell and J. A. Buchanan

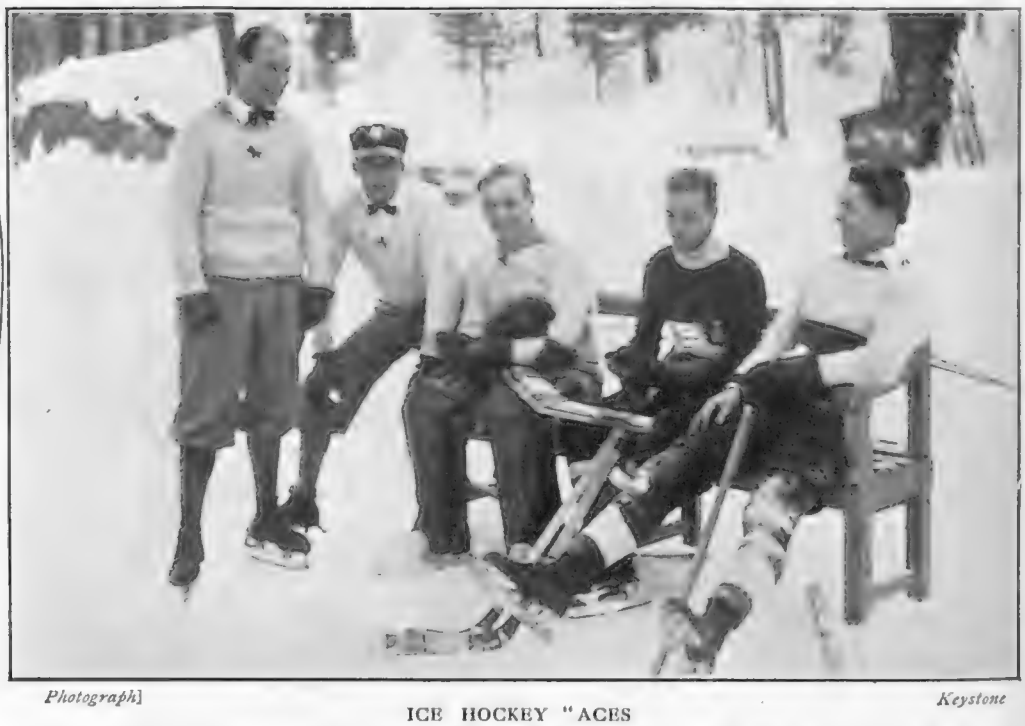
Photograph *Central Press*

L. DOBBS (St. John's, Cambridge)

Winner of the British Cross-Country Ski-ing Championship at Adelboden, and also of the slalom (style) competition in which Lord Knebworth was second

W. POLLOCK-WYLIE

The veteran speed-skater, at St. Moritz. His Scottish records for the mile, the half-mile and the quarter, made during the hard winter of 1895, are still unbeaten and he is as keen on the sport as ever



Photograph] *Keystone*

ICE HOCKEY "ACES"

In the match at St. Moritz in which the combined 'Varsities beat the British Olympic team (Tut! Tut!) by 7 goals to 4. Left to right: W. C. Miner (Cambridge) the referee, W. T. Adee (Cambridge), W. H. Anderson (Cambridge), H. D. Jukes (British Olympic), E. P. Bitblado, the Oxford captain. The British Olympic team were also beaten two days later by Oxford (7-2) who thus wound up their season gloriously with eight wins and no defeats

Homes of Winter Sport

WITZERLAND AND ON THE RIVIERA

Photograph *Sport and General*

RISING TALENT AT CANNES

The Marquess of Cholmondeley (left) and Lord Charles Hope. They are both going "full speed ahead" at lawn tennis, and Lord Cholmondeley has beaten Col. Brierley, the winner at Monte Carlo

Photograph *L.N.A.*

A PRETTY TOUGH COUPLE

M. de Pena on his favourite pony photographed at Mandelieu where the Polo season on the Riviera was successfully launched last week. The Marquess of Cholmondeley, who appears in the adjacent picture as a lawn tennis player, is also an enthusiastic poloist

Photograph *Sport and General*

WATCHING "LES AUTRES"

Princess Philippe de Bourbon (daughter of the Duchesse de Vendôme) with her partner, M. O. Fink, in the Mixed Doubles at the Carlton Club's open tournament at Cannes, enjoy the fun of looking on

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

MRS. SATTERTHWAITE AND MLLE. LENGLEN

Who met in the final in the Mixed Doubles at the Cannes (Beau-Site) tournament when "Suzanne" and C. F. Aeschliman, the Swiss Champion, had to go all out to beat Mrs. Satterthwaite and J. M. Hillyard

Photograph *Keystone*

MORE MIXED DOUBLES

The Duchess of Westminster about to "take the floor" with R. Dunkerley in the "Opens" at the Cannes (Carlton) tournament. Dunkerley appears to be anxious, but that is his normal expression.

WIGS ON THE GREEN

By "PENDARVES"

I WENT down to Twickenham for the Harlequin-Blackheath match with a pal of mine, a Harlequin forward (one of the fighting breed, with a neck like a young bull), who literally licked his lips in butcherly anticipation of a real scrap against the exclusive rival, Blackheath. I know now why there was a French Revolution. This sort of thing is infectious. When a man shouts *à bas les aristocrates*, and barges his way bag and all into a full first smoker, at Waterloo, just as the train is sliding out, adds, "Currie and I are going to have a beano in the loose to-day, mark my words, ol' man," and keeps on nudging you all the way down into a tense excitement about the match — well, this eye-for-an-eye business is infectious. Especially as I was interested to hear that Blackheath were full out to avenge a recent defeat on their own pet Rectory field. There was no doubt about it. Oxford and Cambridge had been scoured by Blackheath for hard-going forwards. There was going to be hell to pay in the scrum. It is this sort of atmosphere that lights an unholy flame in an old Rugby player's eye. My pal's eye was squinting with a lust for battle when I left him at the dressing-room door, his parting words being, "Well, I may or may not see you after the game," which I thought was a useful sort of omen, and took my decrepit body towards the Press Stand sorrowfully.

But it all fizzled out and fell, like the stick of the rocket, into a complete walloping by the Harlequins of men out for their blood and tears. True, there were wigs on the green of the Twickenham ground all right. But the wigs belonged to the men behind the scrums, not in it. It was a threequarters day, aided and abetted by their halves on both sides. The forwards were merely vapid-faced supers holding up the scenery at the back of the stage. What actually happened was that the Blackheath pack bristled with Blues, five of them, and ran into eight men who knew how to handle them—with a bit over and to spare.

And that was the game, as played, gentlemen.

But I see that my notes taken during the game are of a querulous nature, full of depressed questionings. Like this:

"Not a man on either side can hold the ball. Every pass fumbled so far—awful. Ball is like a lump of lard. There will be trouble if this goes on (there was). . . . Why doesn't Harris cut the arms right off his Blackheath jersey? Must be very uncomfortable to turn them up to the armpits like that . . . p-raps he is doing village blacksmith business . . . strong as iron bands, and all that. All the same, bared for the fight, as he is, he might do a bit of tackling round the legs of someone for a change, not their faces. . . . They are playing that poor little devil, Wainwright, at centre three—of course, the child will be killed . . . they say he simply doesn't know the meaning of the word fear. I must tell him. Nothing I don't know about that word. . . . Half Harlequin side wearing sticking-plaster on their faces. Funny. Surely they weren't *all* at Rector's on night of raid? . . . Wish we'd had straw all along the touch-line in my day. So nice to do spectacular tackle of heavy opponent right under the eyes of the stands on to a sort of hayrick; doesn't hurt any, and looks fine. . . . Kittermaster evidently determined to play Blackheath all by himself; ignores breathlessly anxious threes waiting upon him and dives continually at the stomachs of the opposition, ball in hand. Wish I was his skipper for a few minutes. . . . Can nothing be done about the self-appointed critic in the stands? We have got three typical specimens behind us to-day. One continues to shout, "Come on, E-n-gland!" Man next to me suggests this songster has been in alcoholic stupor since January 20 last year; probably accounts for it. Another admonishes Blackheath in stentorian tones with "What's the matter with you, Club?"

He would know what was the matter with *him* if he was in those seething scrums for a few minutes. A third, most offensive of all, yells, "Play the game, Young," at England's scrum half, who by a pure accident of a wheeling scrum finds himself offside. Horrible man, this. Makes you feel for a moment that you are watching a professional Soccer match—urgh! . . . Realise towards end of game why Blackheath are being so soundly whacked. Of course! Harris hasn't got his sleeves turned up high enough. Now why hasn't Blake, the captain, seen to that, really very careless of him? . . . Would travel by train, even to Twickenham, twice a week if necessary, to see Currie carrying on his private warfares in the loose. You can see his grey hairs emerging from the bottom of every *mêlée*, and he never seems to get knocked out—wonderful. This is the sort of man you want in English pack against Wales. . . . Five minutes to go and Blackheath soundly beaten. Shall I nip out and get in front of the train scramble? No. Currie might have another scrap any moment; and, after all, came to see the wigs on the green. . . .

Photograph] NOT BAD FOR A START [*Sport and General*

The latest addition to the fraternity of "Old Boy" Rugby Football Clubs, the Old Amplefordians, played their first match at Richmond last week against a combined team of the group of Public Schools "fathered" by the Rosslyn Park Club and beat them by 35 points to 15. In the picture an old Amplefordian (lying on the ground) has bowled over an opponent (likewise prone) just in time to deflect his pass from the man in the foreground for whom it was intended.

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GLASGOW *LONDON*

"MRS. BLUEBEARD"

Miss Gertrude Elliott as she appears in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" with which she has achieved an enormous success in Australia. Miss Elliott, who in private life is Lady Forbes-Robertson, plays the part taken by Miss Madge Titheradge in the original production in London

Femina

THE SOROPTIMISTS: A New Club for Women. By MRS. M. VINCE

A YEAR or two before the War, a debate was held by the Architectural Association of London, at which the subject was "Women as Architects," and it was treated as a huge joke. The opening speaker, I remember, was certain that if women built houses the fashions in roofs would change every year like the fashion in hats, and the whole debate was carried on in this jolly spirit. There was one serious speech, from a very distinguished architect, who was genuinely distressed not at the idea of women as architects, but at the idea of women working at all. They should be supported by their male relatives; and when he was asked, by a woman, if he was prepared to support not only his sisters, but his cousins and his aunts, he seriously and gallantly replied that he was.

THE Architectural Association no longer laughs at the idea of women as architects, for it admits them as students in just the same way as men. But even now, most people—women as well as men—have the vaguest idea of the way in which women are taking their places in the professions and businesses. I asked a friend the other day to say off-hand in how many kinds of occupations educated women were earning their living. She suggested thirty; started with millinery, dressmaking, acting and teaching; went on to medicine, secretarial work and painting, and, stopping well short of twenty, said that she was afraid that she had guessed too high. Probably even most professional women would find it hard to make anything like a full list of what their sisters are doing.

BUT now there will be no excuse for such ignorance. A new club for women has just been formed in London. It is for professional and business women. It is called the Soroptimists (the Sister Optimists), and the idea of it comes from America. It is, in fact, an American who has come over to found it; and those who still believe that men should be prepared to support their sisters and their cousins and their aunts may find such consolation as they can in the fact that the founder of the first Soroptimist Club in England is a man.

HE has already started several of these clubs in America, and before that had organised a number of the Rotary Clubs in England. The Soroptimist Club is a club for women on the same lines as the Rotary Clubs for men. It is a luncheon club. It meets once a week. Its membership is limited to one active member from each profession and business, but each active member can introduce, as an associate member, another woman who is working with her. Its chief objects are to encourage high standards in business and professional life, and to promote friendship and mutual service among its members.

IT already has, though only started a short time ago, a long and imposing list of women's professions and businesses, some familiar, some less well-known, some of which ninety-nine people out of a hundred have probably never yet heard. It has, among its members, an actress, a Member of Parliament, an advertising organiser, a piano-teacher, a school-mistress, a life insurance agent, an advisor on antique furnishing, a photographer, a staff controller, and a tea-taster. In fact, instead of the thirty occupations which my friend thought were too many, the number already represented in the club is nearly a hundred.

AMONG the six Soroptimist Clubs in America, there are several occupations not as yet represented in the London club. The President of the club in New York is an Assistant United States District Attorney, and its members include a baker, a statistician and a lumber-dealer. Washington has a confectioner, a fireproof building constructor, a granite memorial maker, a cinema proprietor, an orchestra leader and a funeral director among its members.

BETWEEN the two countries there does not seem much to which women have not already set their hands, and whatever good the Soroptimist Club of London may do its members in particular, and business and professional women in general, in the future, it has already done this good, that it is opening the eyes of professional women themselves to the variety of work which women are doing.

Unfortunately, men visitors are not allowed. Otherwise I should invite that distinguished architect. But I think he would be too shocked to come. M. V.

MISS LAURA LEYCESTER

Who is joint author of "The Rising Generation," the very successful comedy at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She is also responsible for the book and lyrics of a new musical play, "The Arab," which is to be produced this year

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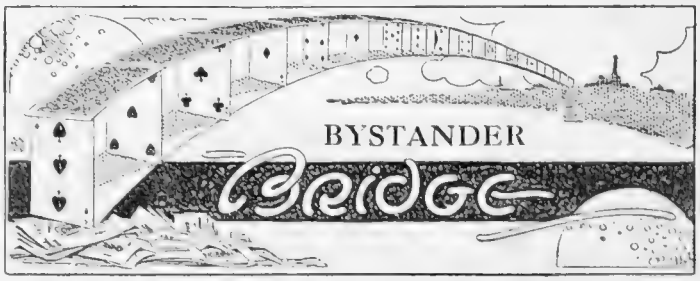

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE REVISED LAWS

"THE LAWS OF AUCTION BRIDGE," as revised and adopted by the Committee of the Portland Club, have now been published by Messrs. T. de la Rue, price 2*s.* 6*d.* It is, of course, open to any Club or group of players to reject them. But it is almost certain that all card-playing clubs will adopt them.

. . . . . .

While the alterations are not numerous, the new code is a distinct improvement on the old. Many of the laws have been re-written and made clearer. They have also been re-arranged. There are only 100 as against 110. An alphabetical index has been added which will save a lot of time and trouble in reference.

. . . . . .

I am particularly glad to see that the word "bid" has been substituted for "declaration." It is a point I have insisted upon frequently. At the old original game of Bridge a player made a "declaration." At Auction, there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a declaration; there is only a bid. The player whose bid is finally accepted becomes the declarer. The laws of Auction were framed on the laws of old Bridge, and it was very necessary to alter some of the phraseology.

. . . . . .

The system of cutting already in force at many Clubs, whereby cards rank in order of their suit values, has been adopted. This is all to the good. If four players cut four Aces under the old laws, they would all have had to cut again. Now the cutters of the Club and Diamond Aces are partners against the others, and the cutter of the Club Ace is the dealer.

Under the old laws a pass was not a bid. Now it is, and a player who passes out of turn is subject to penalty. Illegal bids are defined clearly, and the adversary of a player who makes an insufficient bid has three options. He may (1) allow the call to stand, (2) call on him to bid the requisite number of tricks, in which case the offender's partner is debarred from making a further bid, or (3) *elect that the bid shall be played in the previous call*, which closes the bidding.

. . . . . .

This new option seems to me eminently sound. Z has called "3 Spades," and A inadvertently bids "4 Clubs." Y can insist on A calling "5 Clubs." But he may not want to. He may prefer the game played at "3 Spades."

Through A's undercall, if Y elects that "3 Spades" is the call, neither A nor B can say anything further, nor can they double. Cases often occur where an undercall gives most valuable information, and it is quite right that the offender and his partner should not be allowed to take advantage of it.

. . . . . .

The revoke penalty has been reduced to 100 points, but the declarer still has the option, when one of his adversaries revokes, of taking three tricks from them and adding them to his own. I do not think there is much in this. If the revoke penalty had to be reduced, I would have followed the Americans and made it 50 points or *two* tricks from the adversaries. To the law has been added the clause that a revoke is established if "the revoking player exposes his remaining cards." That is a point which has in the past given rise to dispute.

. . . . . .

Dummy's duty to remain at the table through the play is made clear. Should he "look over either of his adversaries' hands or leave his seat for the purpose of watching his partner's play, he loses the right to ask the declarer if he has none of the suit in which he has renounced. Should he ask, it is too late to save a revoke."

. . . . . .

Bets on the result of a Rubber are won by the winners on points. Should the difference on a rubber be so small that no money passes, the bets are void. A trick which has been turned and quitted may not be looked at until the end of the hand. Should a player do so he incurs a penalty of 50 points above the line for each offence. Under the American code the penalty is only 25 points. By adopting a severer penalty, I hope that an annoying practice may be stamped out. It must not be forgotten, however, that this law is subject to exception. Examination of the tricks is allowed to prove a revoke, and if anyone plays two cards to a trick or mixes a card with a trick to which it does not properly belong, and the error is detected during the play of the hand, the tricks may be examined face downwards in order to ascertain whether there be among them a card too many. Should this be the case they may be searched and the card restored, the player (not being Dummy) being liable for all revokes he may have made.

. . . . . .

Amongst the new clauses in the etiquette of the game is the following: "Tricks should not be stacked or formed into a 'book,' but should be so arranged that they can be easily counted." I hope this will be taken to heart by all players. Stacking the tricks often leads to confusion, if any question arises as to a revoke or if the tricks have to be counted at the end of a hand. And I am glad to see that insistence is laid upon the point that bids should be made in a simple and uniform manner. The use of the expression "pass" is inadvisable. The correct term to use is "No Bid."

And there is a very necessary warning against players whose acts and words convey a very distinct intimation to a partner.

THE GREAT BARE By Batchelor

Interviewer: "To what do you ascribe your success?"
Famous Film Producer: "I have to thank my lucky stars"

Accomplished Equestrians

The Sheep Race of Morocco.

Part of the annual celebrations to commemorate the offering up of Isaac by Abraham, this spectacular event is a singular combination of barbarism and equestrian skill. The leader carries on his horse a sheep with its throat cut, and if the animal be alive at the finish it is accepted as a sign that the ensuing year will be prosperous.

The sole excuse for this crudely superstitious contest is found in the magnificent horsemanship of the Moroccan tribesmen. Perched high above his mount in an iron framed saddle, the Arab rider displays superb skill and daring in his race with kindred spirits across the desert. A rider from childhood, he practically lives in the saddle, and he is certainly among the world's most enduring horsemen.

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"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. IX.—THE GREATEST MOMENT—CLOSING TIME

POINTS IN DOGGY POLITICS

COMING EVENTS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Sketches by NICOLSON

JUST as Terrier enthusiasts from all parts flocked to Westminster yesterday, not at all for the *beaux yeux* of our politicians, but for the National Terrier Club's big show at the Horticultural Hall, so to-day, Wednesday, all devout lovers of the Lion Dog of China, the ever more popular Pekingese, make pilgrimage to Westminster, for the Pekin Palace Dog Association's Show in Dean's Yard. Next Wednesday the British Pekingese Club holds its annual Championship Show in Manchester.

But if the smaller Breeds are having it largely their own way this month, the time approaches—only another three weeks now—for Cruft's great annual *tamasha* at the Agricultural Hall, whereat, so far as the canine community's concerned, the littlest and the greatest meet upon a common footing; the four-pounder and the hundred-pounder are judged within a few paces of one another; and the whole race of Dogs, classified in four score separate species, authorises its chosen delegates to meet in congress under one roof. A truly great occasion, on no account to be missed by readers of this page.

A great lady in the North of England writes suggesting an addition to The Kennelman's recently published New Year resolutions. Well, while January lasts, at all events, it can't be too late to make, and eke to act upon a sound resolve. Among the circle of your acquaintances there are surely some, and maybe many, magistrates and worthies entitled to have "J.P." tacked on to their names. You are hereby requested to get into touch with each one among them, promising rewards or threatening penalties, according to circumstances, and—here's the crux of the matter—urging them by all that's decent and reasonable to remember and act on the facts that (*a*) Fines are not fit punishment for, or preventives of, gross cruelty to animals, but sharp sentences to hard labour are; and (*b*) that the law of the land permits, and duty plainly demands, confiscation of the animal victim of human cruelty. It's a wicked thing to leave the victim in the offender's possession. The R.S.P.C.A. is always ready to undertake care of victims; good homes are never lacking. Give the Cadis no peace till they're pledged to decency in this.

When the time comes for the Kennelman to think seriously of relinquishing his bachelor estate, he will probably book passage (steerage) to far Cathay; for, in Manchuria (according to "a usually well-informed correspondent" of *Our Dogs*), marriageable maidens all have dowries; not of cash, however, but of Dogs. Six Dogs is reckoned a poor dowry; a dozen brace indicate moderate middle-class comfort; and the bride who brings her wooer ten or twelve dozen well set-up Dogs may be accounted *some* catch, and the daughter of a good family—especially if the Dogs are all fleshy and well-coated. For it seems your Manchurian prizes his Dogs' bodies as food, and their coats as the raw material of blankets, rugs and the like; so presumably the hefty half-caste counts for more than the most blue-blooded of miniatures. One wonders if Manchurian match-making parents have tried crossing, say, the biggest Collies with the heaviest O.E. Mastiffs!

From Peshawar to Peru, and from Brescia to Brazil—albeit alliterate, this is literally true—pathetic inquiries have come from BYSTANDER readers as to the possibility of avoiding quarantine in England for their own especial Dog pals, should they venture to bring these home, when on leave or retiring from exile. It's clear the authorities could raise a substantial revenue by imposing a substantial import tax, in place of quarantine, upon immaculately healthy Dogs.

"Half the pleasure of coming home will be lost if we can't bring ————," they write; and goodness knows I'm full of sympathy; where indisputably sound and healthy Dogs are concerned. But facts are infernally stubborn, and at present I know of no earthly way out of the difficulty. True, there are permissible ways of mitigating the affliction, and selecting the place of quarantine. Write, allowing lots of time, to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, Whitehall, giving full details as to ship and dates, and as to the Dog, and asking for copies of forms for application for license, list of agents, etc.

Given really adequate, expert veterinary examinations, say two, with twenty-four hours between them; one would have thought the period might, at all events, be greatly reduced, in cases leaving no apparent room for doubt. The doggy associations should press for inquiry and investigation.

English Dog breeders are puzzled to know just why Canada should have issued an order absolutely prohibiting the importation of all Dogs, other than "Toys," from the United Kingdom.

Apropos "Aunties Ltd.," a correspondent writes eulogistically of a Sevenoaks home from home for Dog boarders, described as the real right sort, because its mistress has "learned through careful study of their bodily needs really to understand doggy character and temperament, and to serve all equally well." Miss Bedford, The Bungalow, Weald, near Sevenoaks, is the address.

Another correspondent urges that "a medal ought to be given" to the wise magistrate who, finding a clergyman in Wales for cruelty to a Dog, insisted that the offender's position and calling aggravated his guilt.

"A dowry of twelve dozen"

MOTOR NOTES

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

For the past six months the British Petroleum Company, Ltd. have been gradually removing their wayside signs, and up to the present close upon 2,000 have been taken down

NOTWITHSTANDING that arable land in England and Wales has decreased by 129,000 acres during the past year, arrangements are in hand for holding tractor trials near Hounslow in September next, so evidently the motor-plough people are endeavouring to retrieve the situation, or at any rate to offer facilities for increased production. It is gratifying to record that, in August last, there had been an increase in motor-ploughs, the number licensed at that time being 16,034, as against 15,951 at the same period in 1922. Let us hope this year there will be a further increase and that the September trials will give this portion of the industry an extra boost.

* * *

MR. HARRY FERGUSON, the well-known inventor of a plough that has been taken up by America, and a prominent motor dealer in Belfast, is keen on the R.A.C. holding a British Grand Prix in Ulster in 1925. As usual, the gentlemen in the South differ from him; they consider there should be a race in connection with their Tailteann Games Festival, and a road race should take place in their part of the world. Considering how they have been making things unpleasant for the motor industry in this country in the past, by endeavouring to bar our products and encouraging those from abroad, British motor manufacturers, if they agree to build cars for any race at all, will, I fancy, favour the Ulster proposition.

* * *

MR. H. B. MARSHALL, at the annual dinner of the Essex Motor Club, hoped that the R.A.C. could arrange a road race in England. Commander F. Armstrong, however, pointed out that a special Act of Parliament would have to be passed in order to permit this. Ulster passed their own special Act of Parliament to allow this last year, and, what is more, that Act holds good year after year, so that until it is rescinded a road race can be arranged in the six counties at any time.

* * *

HOUDAILLES are evidently coming into racing again, as liberal prize-money has been offered by this firm to racing-drivers who win races at Brooklands with their machines fitted with Houdaille shock-absorbers. What is more, they have engaged the services of Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas as consulting engineer and racing expert, so that competent advice and knowledge as to how to fit these shock absorbers to suit peculiar and individual requirements will be available. Thomas knows a good deal about racing in general, and Houdailles in particular, as the Leyland Eight he has driven for the past two years with great success, has always had these particular fittings to keep the road wheels on the track at high speeds, notwithstanding its surface irregularities.

* * *

THERE are always a few changes in the motor industry at the beginning of

(Continued on page 224)

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If you've a taste for genuinely old, time-matured, wood-matured Whisky—see that you get the bottle that's "brambled and dimpled."

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Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "P.D" send your cheque for £7 10 0 to Peter Dawson Ltd., who will forward you a case of 12 bottles through their nearest agent.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

each year, and among the announcements recently made of this nature is that Mr. R. C. Eller, the well-known London manager of Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., has severed his connection with this Maidstone firm and started a limited company of his own under the title of Messrs. R. C. Eller, Ltd., which will deal in motor vehicles at Abbey House, Westminster. This is a fine suite of offices and showrooms, and he should do well in view of his long connection with the selling of high-class cars.

* * *

PEOPLE are apt to scoff at American-built cars because their life is reputedly short. Recently, a rancher owner of one of the early Dodge cars, its actual number was 12, which was first delivered in December, 1914, has run it 175,000 miles. He refused to sell it lately, but was finally persuaded to exchange it for a new car in order that Messrs. Dodge Brothers could keep it as one of their examples of first production. Another old car No. 5, has already run 224,000 miles, and the car is still in constant daily use. These two cars, at any rate, prove that the Dodge can run for some lengthy period and still remain serviceable, but, as a matter of fact, it was never regarded by motorists in the U.S.A. as a one-year cheap-car like many others, notwithstanding its comparatively moderate price.

* * *

STROLLING through one of the famous motor-car packers' warehouses recently, I noticed that quite a number of Crossley cars were being despatched overseas. This is pleasing news at any rate, as the motor-manufacturer is more desirous of increasing his export business than any other branch. Perhaps the recent success of the 19.6 h.p. Crossley, the property of the Governor of Hongkong, in winning the "acceleration test" held by the motoring organisation in that island may account for some of its popularity, in China at any rate. There were nineteen competitors, the majority of whom drove American cars, so it is nice to know that the four-cylinder Crossley put it across a number of six-cylinders of actually higher horse-power rating, even though it only won by a fifth of a second. In the event the competitors had to accelerate their machines over a distance of 200 yards on a straight stretch of road, and the Crossley won the event for motor-cars in 16 seconds, gaining the laurels for the Governor and, by the way, for the Crossley makers.

THE LURE OF THE WAYSIDE INN

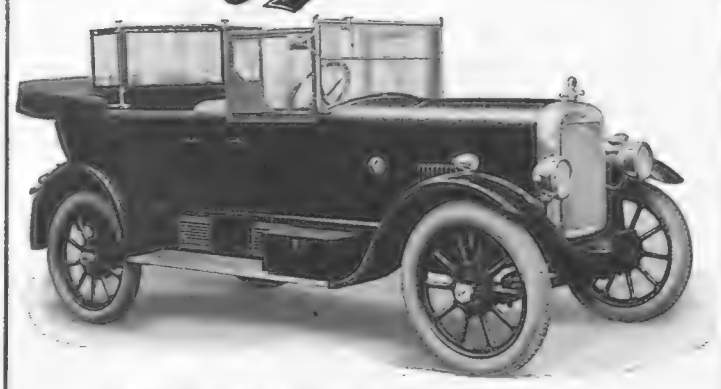
The old-world charm of the "Old Bell" Inn at Waltham St. Lawrence, in Berkshire, proved irresistible to the driver of the 14 h.p. Crossley seen above

* * *

FRONT wheel brakes, I believe, are going to prove a boon to the accessory makers, and I notice quite a number of new gadgets have appeared on people's cars since their advent. For instance, I notice that the four wheel brakes fitted on the 10-15 h.p. Windsor car have produced a blue disc with its polished metal rim fitted above the tail lamp, about the size of an ordinary license holder, which is the warning sign to following cars to beware because four-wheel brakes are fitted, "so don't 'blue' into me." At night-time the tail lamp illuminates it so that it is easily distinguishable under all conditions. Furthermore, my friends the Parsons Non-Skid Company are telling everybody however careful they may be a collision may come and, as it is most likely to be the other driver's fault, "fit Twin-bar spring bumpers and so protect yourself from damage." What with bumpers and warning devices, together with another suggestion that motorists should be taught to warn other users of the road by Morse notes on their musical or non-musical horns, the accessory folk will have a busy time and reap a harvest of orders from those unfortunate owners who have no front-wheel brakes on the one hand, and those that use them too violently on the other.

OLD HY.

Overland



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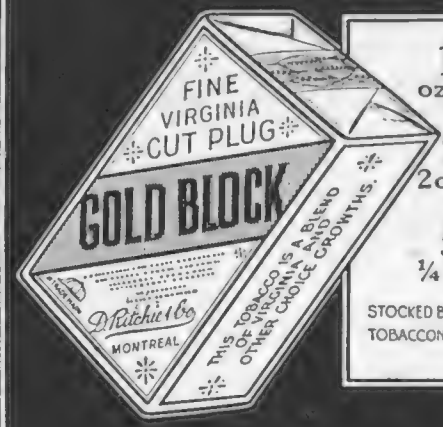

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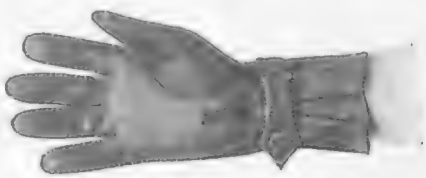

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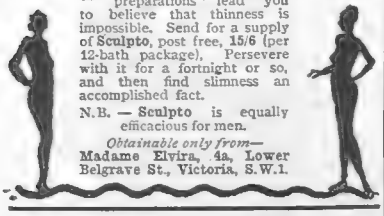

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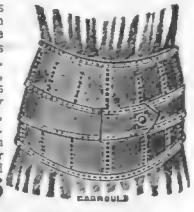

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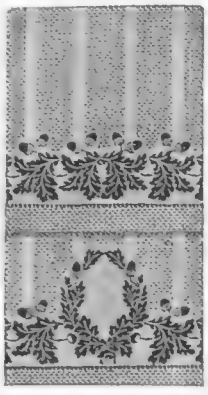

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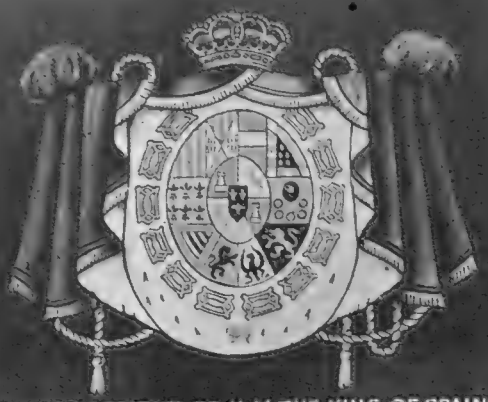

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

On the surface, we are passing through a dull, stale, and unprofitable period in the dress realms just now. Even the prospecting round in quest of new clothes can scarcely be said to have begun. Beneath this calm, however, much of import is going on. Buyers are away in Paris gathering new models, materials, and the general trend of fashion for smart garbing. Country and sports suits are for the most part designed and built here. There is none to touch our tailors for good taste and cut, nor yet those millinery establishments that specialise in what are termed tailor-made hats. And, well, the perfectly turned out American woman knows this. With characteristic prescience she comes straight to England for everything pertaining to the country and sports wear, even foot-gear; but the American woman's afternoon and evening gowns must all bear the name of some famed Parisian *couturière*. Is she right, or only stupidly prejudiced? One wonders. We are in such close intimate touch with Paris to-day it scarcely seems worth while, from our point of view, to pay a special visit there in quest of the latest modes. That only which makes some difference is our insular inability readily to assimilate change.

The Trend of "La Mode"

The Riviera, as always the case at this time of the year, is chiefly instrumental in providing us with interesting tit-bits of fashion news, and from that source of smart dressing comes news of the favour accorded skirts that *flair* at the sides, but which are kept slim and close about the hips; of circular flounces mounted well below the knee on to an otherwise straight coat or gown, and again, of similar flounces introduced as a flaring movement to shorter costume coats. That a change, and a decided change, of silhouette is on hand there is no longer any question, though whether we shall all find it becoming, or to our liking, remains to be seen.

Then there are both tunics and aprons in abundance—tunics that reach to within a few inches of the hem of the skirt, others that are shorter and open in front, tablier-wise; flat tunics, full tunics, and quite an appreciable number of apron tunics, the latter either full and flaring, or else falling in straight, pleated lines. To achieve the last-named effect, heavy-weight georgette is usually requisitioned, and that is fine, flat pleated, not accordion-pleated, as shown in the adjoined sketch of a typical little afternoon gown of bulrush brown marocain and georgette exactly toned.

It is typical in its infinite demureness, wrought under the auspices of very good materials. To attempt these *poseurs* of frocks in cheap materials is fatal; they then lose all the intended effect and merely become ordinary.

A Sale of Great Consequence

In these days of big upheavals, it is a pleasurable experience to walk into the spacious familiar establishment of Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, where one of the best of sales is now drawing to a close. Coming direct from their Banbridge factories, the quality of all the Irish linen specialities are above question.

Prospective brides are strongly advised, for instance, to follow up early an offer of some embroidered linen sheets that are appreciably reduced, with pillow-cases to match. Among these is a charming butterfly design, an equally artistic tulip pattern that has a scalloped edge and an iris device. As top sheets, these are eminently covetable, and to go with them are some especially choice bedspreads of Irish linen, the most attractive example having real *filet motifs*, with insertion and edging of hand-made cluny lace. Handkerchiefs, always a big feature here, are well worth following up during a sale. There is a ladies' *mouchoir*, with embroidered initial, that is going at 5*s*. 9*d*. the dozen, a fine sheer quality hand-embroidered reduced to the bagatelle price of 10*s*. 9*d*. the dozen, an immense variety for men ranging from 15*s*. 11*d*.; while in men's collars, faced pure Irish linen, cut by experts and made in the firm's own workrooms, there is practically every shape and style at the one price of 12*s*. the dozen.

Everything of the Best

There are only a few more days for Harvey Nichols' sale at Knightsbridge. Until January 26 they are disposing of all their season's surplus stock, which ranges from model gowns to knick-knacks. No single department is exempt from this procedure, and, needless to say, the bargain values are extraordinary. Noted for their taste and style in piece materials, it is of particular interest to learn of some black chiffon taffetas of especially rich quality and soft *mousseline* finish, 40 inches wide, only 7*s*. 11*d*. the yard, a black all-silk marocain at 14*s*. 9*d*., a reduction from 18*s*. 9*d*., and a black satin paillette, strongly recommended for linings, underskirts, etc., at 5*s*. 6*d*. Originally fetching anything from 5*s*. 11*d*. to 12*s*. 9*d*. the yard are a few odd pieces of tweed suitings, stripes, checks and plaid materials going from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*. 11*d*. the yard, a fine quality Botany gabardine falling from 18*s*. 9*d*. to 14*s*. 9*d*. the yard.

No less than 500 knitted wool sports coats are marked at the very acute clearing price of 21*s*., knitted coats and skirts and three-piece suits following in like ratio. To be disposed of regardless of original value are a few dozen all-wool sports hose at 5*s*. the pair, a heavy quality pure silk hose, lisle feet and tops, English make and thoroughly reliable, being offered at 8*s* 11*d*. the pair. Harvey Nichols are also putting severe reductions on their high-grade footwear, an offer that includes a

A DEMURE AFTERNOON GOWN

Flat-pleated heavy-weight georgette is used to achieve the straight falling apron effect in this Afternoon Gown of bullrush brown marocain and georgette

Original design by "Beta"

"THE GAZEWAY"

A picturesque view of a charming house and old-world garden belonging to W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd. It is well known to all motorists who pass through Kingston along the main Portsmouth Road

READY TO START

Some bob-sleigh enthusiasts preparing for a race down the famous run at Engelberg. This popular central Swiss resort is attracting many visitors, and the willing staff of the comfortable Cattini Hotels are busy working overtime

smart patent leather one-bar shoe, with the now approved medium heel, at 29*s.* 6*d.*, and a one-bar black satin with Louis heel, at 18*s.* 11*d.*

"The Gazeway"

All motorists who use the Portsmouth Road must by this time know the picturesque show-spot belonging to W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., which stands facing the river at Surbiton. "The Gazeway," an illustration of which appears on the preceding page, was little more than a year ago an ugly Victorian eyesore. Now it is a lovely modern house with a garden that is a veritable feast for tired city eyes. It is used by these enterprising decorators to demonstrate their newest ideas in furnishing, colour-treatment and labour-saving devices. An appointment to view can always be obtained from Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., of 10, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W. 1.

A Rose by any Name . . .

Whatever be the political outlook for this year of grace—or disgrace—Messrs. James Carter and Co., the well-known seedsmen, are very sanguine about it from a gardening point of view. Among their novelties for 1924, of which they give some interesting particulars in their well-known publication, *Garden and Lawn*, are several new kinds of sweet pea such as the "Lord Lascelles," a fine lavender variety, and "President Harding," a brilliant cerise. There are in addition some new vegetable varieties, such as the "Homestead Green Windsor" Bean, the "Delicatesse" Carrot, and the "Golden Sunrise" Turnip. Messrs. Carter know all there is to know about their business from A to Z. I should think their only difficulty now is finding new names for their new products!

Happiness Refound

I wonder if music-lovers, as they sit at ease in the Albert or Queen's Hall, drinking in the beauty that a Heifitz or a D'Alvarez or a Pachmann can distil, realise how lucky they are compared with thousands of equally ardent music-lovers who are afflicted with deafness. I was reminded of this the other day when an aged friend, who has been deaf for years, was praising the "Acoustique" aid to deafness. It has worked where other aids have failed, and has brought back happiness that the old gentleman had long thought unattainable. The "Acoustique" has gained golden opinions from medical men and from thousands of users. It is extremely light, and so inconspicuous *as to be practically unnoticeable*. It is made in twenty-eight different types, so that the defects of all ages and nearly all ears can be adequately met. The maker, Mr. R. H. Dent, of 95, Wigmore Street, W. (he has branches also in Glasgow, Manchester and Cardiff) invites a free consultation and trial of this successful attempt to relieve a very terrible affliction.

INVISIBILITY GOOD!

A photograph of a wearer of the invisible "Acoustique" attachment for deafness. It is not a head attachment, but merely a piece of vulcanite, a quarter of an inch long, which is placed in the ear, a thin cord being carried to the back of the head

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Wonderfully beneficial to the Hair.

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Look for the Name on the Handle
for substitutes are often pressed upon you. Made in four grades:—"*Junior*" without cleaner 7/6, with cleaner 8/6; "*Popular*" at 10/6; "*Standard*" at 15/-; "*Extra*" at 18/6 (cleaner included with each of these) in a Carton with full instructions. Also in "*Military*" at 10/6, 15/-, and 18/6 each.

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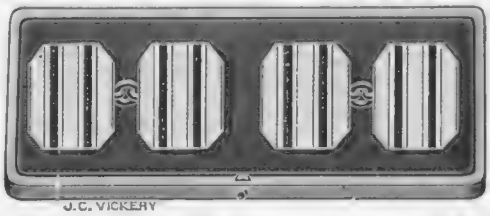

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IT isn't an easy job to keep the youngsters' wardrobes in condition. There are so many demands on the purse these days.

Mothers who like to see their children looking as nice as anyone else's, can do wonders with Twink. Little coats and frocks can be renewed several times, to the pride of parents and the delight of the small wearers.

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Wine	*Old Rose*	*Sunflower Yellow*
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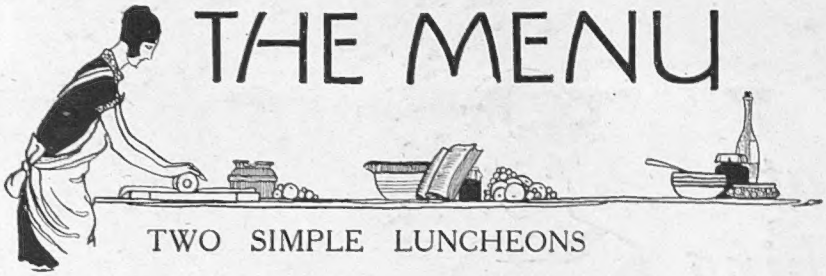

TWO SIMPLE LUNCHEONS

I

Scalloped Lobster
Poulet à la Milanaise
Crême au Caramel
Stilton Cheese

II

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (an American Recipe)
A Broiled Shoulder of Lamb
Bavaroise au Chocolat
Cheese Ramequins

LUNCHEON I

Scalloped Lobster

Chop up the meat of a lobster, put it into a stewpan with a little white Béchamel Sauce, a small piece of butter and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg and cayenne, and squeeze over the juice of a lemon. Stir over the fire for a few minutes and mix with two yolks of eggs ; fill the lobster shells with this, sprinkle over with breadcrumbs, and, lastly, some oiled butter. Brown in a good oven.

Poulet à la Milanaise

Boil ¼ lb. of macaroni for twenty minutes, drain it well. Boil a chicken in some stock, cut it into joints, and put it into a casserole with a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce and the same quantity of Espagnole sauce, add the macaroni and a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Stew these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite tender. Serve in an entrée-dish, with the chicken laid on the macaroni, and tomatoes, which have been fried in butter, as a garnish.

LUNCHEON II

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (American Recipe)

Scald ten oysters in their own liquor. Remove them and cut in little pieces. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs and lay on slices of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on top, and put the dish in a hot oven for two or three minutes.

A Broiled Shoulder of Lamb

Half roast a small shoulder of lamb, put it in a hot dish, and score it on both sides down to the bone, season it well with salt and pepper or cayenne, and finish cooking it upon the gridiron over a brisk fire. Warm a cupful of bottled mushrooms (mince part of them) and strew them over the broiled lamb when it is ready to be served ; put the remainder round it and send it instantly to table. Fried potatoes should accompany this dish.

Bavaroise au Chocolat

Grate a ¼ lb. of chocolate, and put it into a saucepan with 2 ozs. of castor sugar, a little vanilla essence and half a pint of milk. Simmer until the chocolate is melted. Add ½ oz. of gelatine and stir until dissolved. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, pour the chocolate mixture over them, return to the saucepan and stir till it thickens ; it must not boil. Strain it into a basin, and when cool add a gill of cream and half a glass of marsala. Pour into a mould to set.

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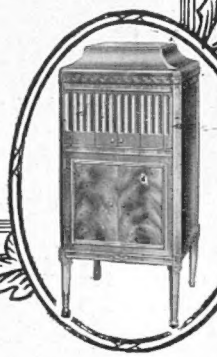
The New COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA is produced in 19 beautiful models from £5 10s. to £85. Write for Art Catalogue, COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



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THÉ DANSANT FROCK in rich quality satin and georgette, cut on straight lines with slight fullness on one hip, and tied with band of satin, the skirt in alternate bands of the two materials to tone, new epaulette sleeves. In Black, Tan, Beige, Saxe, Lacquer, Red, Reseda, and Champagne.

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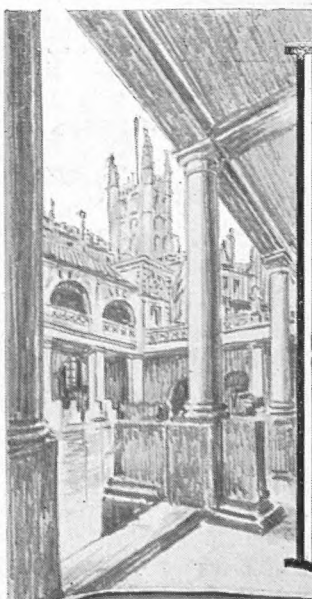

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"GREYS"

The absolute perfection achieved in the making of these famous cigarettes, the higher grade of tobacco used, meets their desire for an unusual and permanent high standard of quality; the moderate price of "GREYS" appeals to their appreciation of value. And the evident wholesomeness of these manly cigarettes adds another attraction to their sterling worth.

BIG GREYS 20 for 1/5 — TWO SIZES ONE QUALITY — SMALL GREYS (SIZE TWO) 20 for 1/3

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Silk Cut Virginia CIGARETTES

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You should draw enjoyment as well as smoke from your pipe. For a fragrant cool-smoking mixture "that makes your pipe a better pal" and gives you maximum enjoyment, you cannot better

"GREYS" SMOKING MIXTURE 1/- per OZ.

Here are shown—greatly reduced in size—a packet of 20 Big Greys and a packet of 20 Greys Size Two. The labels of both packets are pale green, but that of Size Two is distinguished by a dark blue and white girdle, the pattern of the Greys' regimental undress cap-band.

Of High-class Tobacconists and Stores Everywhere.

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON. Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Co., Limited.

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